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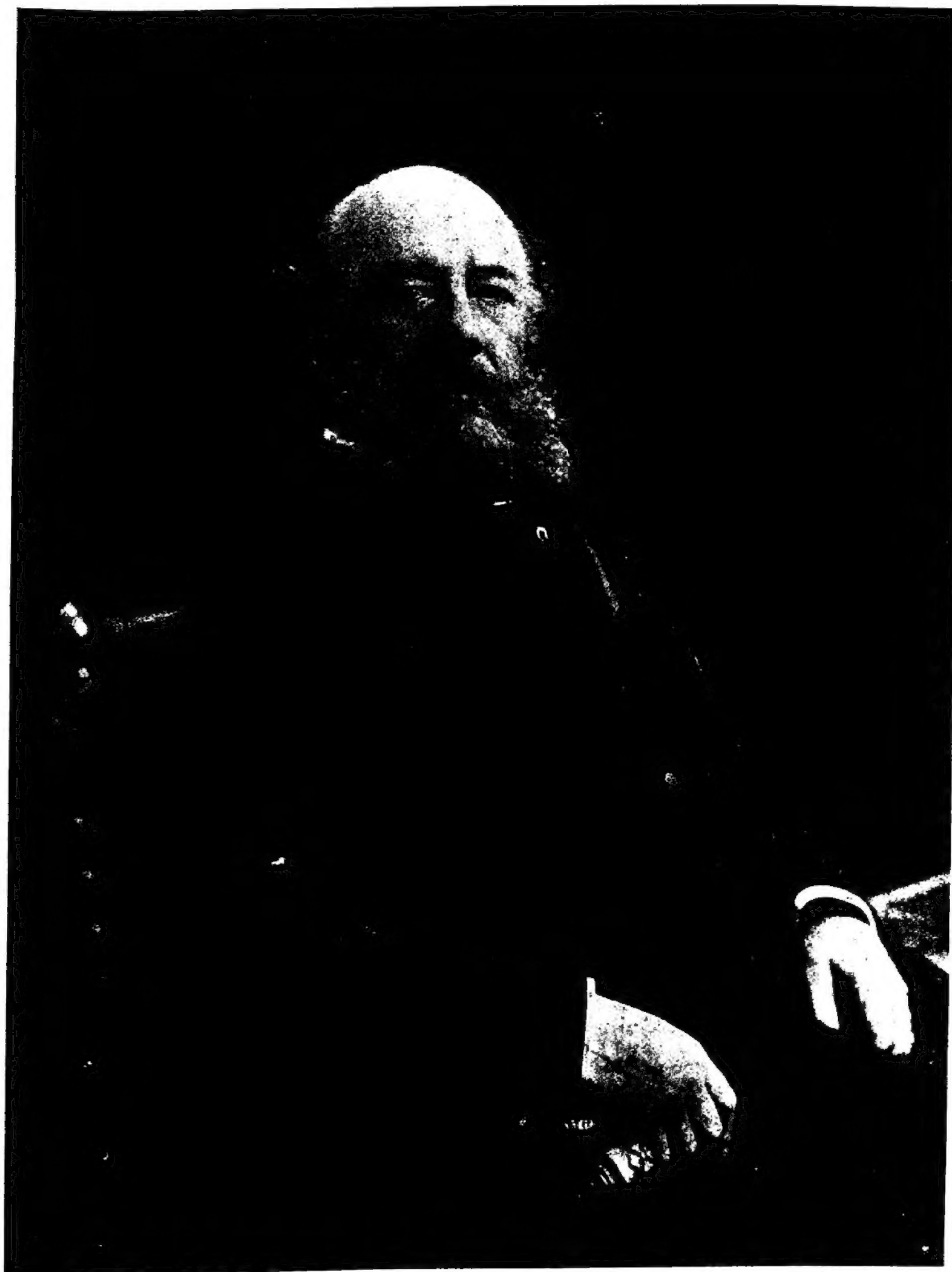
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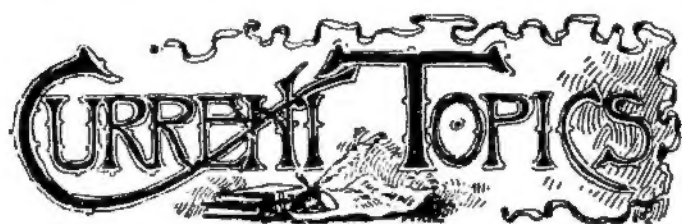
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17th JANUARY, 1891.



## The Cattle Export Investigation.

It would have not only been much more satisfactory to all parties, but eminently better calculated to attain the object he had in view, had MR. PLIMSOLL frankly acknowledged at the recent investigation on the cattle export trade, that he had been mistaken in the statements he had published relative to the treatment of animals *en route*. As far as the latter were concerned, the result was a complete vindication of the Canadian exporters from the charges of cruelty; not a particle of evidence was produced to substantiate such accusations. MR. PLIMSOLL'S action in declining to come down at all from the high ground he had first taken, in the face of the statements of all parties concerned, high and low, was, we think, unworthy of him and of the high reputation he justly bears. Investigations of this sort, however, usually bring to light existing circumstances of a minor nature, but none the less deserving of correction, and the case in point is no exception to the rule. The treatment accorded to the human beings in charge of the cattle was fully shown up in the corroborated evidence of the men who had themselves experienced it, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the result will be a marked amelioration in their condition. While allowing for a good deal of exaggeration in the statements brought forward, there can be no doubt that their treatment is unnecessarily harsh and their existence while on board rendered uncomfortable to a degree. The fact of young lads having been enticed on board these vessels and then being left in England to sink or swim, was clearly shown by MR. DICK'S evidence, and we trust that some check on this practice will be imposed in the legislation which will, no doubt, follow the report of the Commission.

## The Elgin Marbles.

The proposal that England should return the Elgin marbles to Greece is still the subject of much debate in the London press. The strongest argument in favour of their restoration is that they form an integral portion of the Parthenon; the claim that they belong to Greece and were illegally taken to England, is absurd in view of the fact that LORD ELGIN paid nearly £100,000 for them. While no one will dispute that their presence in Athens—among the remaining ruins of the Parthenon—would be in strict artistic harmony, they would be practically lost to the great mass of art students, while in London they are accessible to the world. Other weighty reasons against the proposed restoration are the liability of Greece to be drawn any day into some European quarrel, in which case Athens would run a remarkably good chance of being vigorously shelled by any energetic iron-clad that would steam up the Gulf of Aegina; also the

bad precedent that such an action would form; for if the highly-virtuous English public commence returning to the original owners antiquities purchased or otherwise honestly acquired, there is no knowing where such a craze would stop.

## Hurtful Reading.

Many of our elderly and well-to-do readers who imagine, no doubt, that the marvellous degree of cheapness to which the price of first-class fiction and standard literature generally has been brought has been productive of a corresponding general use of such works by the masses, would receive a genuine surprise were they to take post inside a news-shop of the least pretentious type, on or near a busy thoroughfare, and note the class of reading almost universally called for by the patrons. While really excellent and interesting novels are kept on sale in such a place—new and second-hand—at prices sometimes not much above that of an ordinary newspaper, their sale is limited to the smallest possible percentage of the day's business; the almost entire demand being for the choice and spicy tid-bits served up by the lowest class of American weekly literature. This is in two distinct classes; one, weekly illustrated papers, devoted largely to pugilism and to the divorce court, embellished (?) with wood-cuts of a vivid and startling nature, representing the most striking scenes and denouements in those two picturesque departments of life; the other, a series of vividly sensational stories, each complete in itself. Incident crowds on incident; love, murder, shipwreck and a large amount of detective work fill the pages, the only illustration being a racy one on the first page. The effect of all such trash cannot but be extremely injurious to the reader, especially to lads from ten to fifteen years of age. But something interesting and exciting they certainly will read, and the problem is how to supply a healthy and harmless national literature, which will have interest and sparkle enough to displace the foreign rubbish so popular among certain classes. It would be an excellent subject for philanthropists to take up, and, if properly managed, might result in a financial profit. Not only is the literature (or rather reading-matter—it is almost a libel to call it literature) complained of distinctly injurious to youthful minds and morals, but its effect, in a national sense, is equally hurtful. The American sailor and soldier is glorified as a hero, the Fenian as a patriot, the dynamiter and assassin as a martyr; everything British is treated with the most insulting contempt, and all that every Canadian school boy has been trained to honour and respect is sneered at or vilified. Such reading must tend to the destruction of all *amor patrie* in the growing mind, and should be displaced, or in some measure debarred from use, even if solely for that reason.

## A Canadian Historical Society.

It is a matter very greatly to the credit of the United States that so much interest is taken by the more intelligent and literary classes in the history of their country; interest, moreover, of a decidedly practical nature, inasmuch as not only does an historical society exist in almost every state and in every city of any pretensions, but one can be found in many towns and localities of comparatively small population, thus speaking volumes for the literary and national zeal of the people. Many of these societies date back into the last century, when not only was the population of the whole country numerically very small for the vast territory it covered, but also comparatively poor, with two great objects before its members, the building up of individual and family prosperity, and the successful development and welding of the scattered colonies into a powerful nation. In addition to these all-absorbing pursuits, it must be borne in mind that literature of any sort was scarce, and that practically there were no means for the dissemination among the masses of what few books and newspapers existed. In the face of these drawbacks, the energy and far-sightedness of a few men of literary and historical taste led them to overcome every impediment in the way of establishing

such societies, knowing well that every year saw the death of the men and women who had helped to make the history of the nation, and who alone could supply invaluable material in the narration of the reminiscences of their lives. From such small beginnings has sprung the present goodly array of historical societies in the Union, and which makes that nation lead the world in the number of such organizations and in the value and interest of their publications. Canada has been singularly behindhand in this respect. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec is the only one of any age throughout the Dominion, and one of the very few that have published their collections and transactions systematically and regularly, the principal others being the Nova Scotia Historical Society, La Société Historique de Montreal, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, and the Manitoba Literary and Scientific Society. Many other organizations of this class have been formed from time to time in various localities in Canada; a few of these are still in existence, but by far the greater number have faded away. The general experience has been that after the first year or two the majority of members not only decline to go to the trouble of preparing papers or notes to be read, but even fail in their attendance, and throw the entire work on two or three zealous ones, who become disheartened after a while in view of the general apathy, and cease their efforts. The literary associations that have died in this manner throughout the Dominion may be numbered by hundreds. Is there a remedy for this state of things, so detrimental to the sustenance and growth of interest in the history of our country, a history rich in the picturesque variety of the vivid incidents of centuries of Indian conflict, the fierce struggles of two great European nations, and in strongly marked political and constitutional change? We think there is; at any rate the experiment could be made without hurt to anyone, nay, good would result if it had but one year's life. We urge the formation of a Canadian Historical Society or Association; an organization not to supersede local and existing associations of the sort, but to strengthen and solidify them. It need have no permanent office; the Secretary or President's residence during his term of office constituting the practical head-quarters of the Association. The object of such a society would be the encouragement of historical study, and its duty would be the care and development of existing and new organizations devoted to that subject. All local societies would affiliate with it; once every year a session would be held, at which reports of the progress of each society would be read, and an historical paper on its own district read by a delegate or by proxy, for which a medal or other suitable medal should be given; such annual meeting to be held each year in a different locality; if in summer, on some battle-ground or place rich in historic interest. The expenses of such an organization would be very slight, in excess of the annual medal; all could be covered by affiliation and subscription fees. This is a mere outline of what would, in our opinion, do much to keep alive the spirit and interest of historical research in Canada.

## Literary Notes.

An interesting contribution to the constitutional history of the United States has been made in the publication by the Virginia Historical Society of Dr. Hugh Blair Grigsby's "History of the Virginia Federal Convention of 1788," which is introduced by a biographical sketch of the author by Dr. R. A. Brock, secretary of the society. The book contains some new anecdotes, among them one of Patrick Henry, who, in the course of a thrilling portrayal of the dangers that might result from the large powers given by the new constitution, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, they'll free your niggers!" Laughter was excited by the prophecy of the thing that came to pass.

A memoir of Mrs. Felicia Hemans has been written by Mr. Sutton, the librarian of the Manchester Free Library. The book will be published at an early date.





"Ah! little mischief!" cried the elder cleric.—(See page 52.)

# THE WEDDING RING,

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CLOUD BREAKS.

When, slowly, like a swimmer rising through deep, dark waters to the growing light above, Gillian came back to consciousness, phantom memories of the troubled visions which had haunted her through her long sleep so mingled with realities that it took some time to settle her impressions of the things around her.

She was in bed, in a large and lofty room, which was certainly not the room in which the last few moments of her life had been passed, though whose it might be, or how she had come there, were mysteries at which she could make no guess.

There were hushed voices speaking at a little distance, but she was so weak that when she tried to turn her face in that direction she found the effort beyond her strength. She lay and wondered, with a languid curiosity, till a step approached her

bed, and she saw, bending above her, the face of a young woman, with a cloud of fair hair arranged beneath a white cap.

A soft hand touched her forehead, and a voice asked:

"You are better, now?"

"Where am I?" Gillian would have asked in return, but her voice, like her strength, had gone, and the low and broken murmur which escaped her lips was scarcely audible to her own ears.

"You have been very ill," the girl said, in answer to the movement of her lips. "Do not try to talk, you are too weak. You are in St. Thomas' Hospital. You have been here over a week."

Memory flowed back on Gillian like a flood.

"Dora!" she panted, feebly.

No emotion less strong than that all-conquering one of maternity could have given her the strength to shape an intelligible word.

"Your little girl? She is well. She is in the country. Mr. Bream is taking care of her. You shall see her when you are well enough—to-morrow, perhaps, if the doctor will allow you. And now you must be very quiet, and not try to talk any more. You have been very ill, indeed, and in great danger! but that is over now."

Gillian was so weak that before the happy tears the woman's reassuring words had called to her eyes were dry upon her lashes, she had fallen asleep. When next she awoke the room was growing dark with shadows. The great bulk of the Palace of Parliament was dull purple against the rosy light of the western sky, and softened murmurs of voices and the clank of oars came up from the river below.

Presently, a voice was heard praying, and muffled responses came from the rows of beds which lined the ward. Then a hymn was sung:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide!"

and the guests of the great hostelry of the good St. Thomas addressed themselves peacefully for sleep.

She woke in the early morning, to find the gilded vane of St. Stephen's burning like a beacon in the bright dawn, and lazily watched the last thin



wreaths of vapour from the river melt in the warm air. Her mind seemed as feeble as her body; her one definite idea was that Dora was well, and that she could see her.

She thought of her husband, and though her memory of every detail of their life together was clear and perfect, she remembered him with neither hate nor horror, but the same languid indifference, which nothing but the idea of her child could stir. She murmured the name to herself, finding that after her night's sleep she had strength enough to speak it.

"Dora, Dora, Dora."

And so she fell asleep, like a tired child.

There was the echo of a well-known voice in her ears when she awoke again, and it was with no shock of surprise that she recognised it as Mr. Bream's.

"It would not be advisable, you think," he was saying, "to give any hint of that matter yet?"

"I think not," another voice replied. "She is very weak. There is no necessity for telling her yet. Good news can always wait; it loses nothing. Look! She is awake. Don't stay too long with her."

Bream came and sat beside her, with the grave and friendly smile his face constantly wore. He took her hand—the sight of it surprised him, it was so wan and thin—in his, and patted it gently.

"Hush!" he said, "you must let me do all the talking. You want to know first about Dora? Dora is doing grandly. She has been in the country exactly a week, and has put on exactly two pounds in weight. I made the people who have her weigh her every day and send me a bulletin. Tell me the age of a child, and how much the child weighs, and I'll tell you whether it's healthy or not. When will you see her is the next question, isn't it? That, my dear Mrs. O'Mara, depends on how soon you get strong enough to bear the meeting. Let us make a bargain. If you are very good, and get better very fast—let me see, to-day is Friday—yes, you shall see Dora on Sunday. Is that understood?"

There was an almost magic influence in Bream's strength and tenderness, in his kindly face and helpful voice, which had often done a patient more good than all the drugs in the pharmacopœia could have worked. Gillian smiled at him through the moisture with which her weakness and his friendliness had filled her eyes, and he felt her feeble fingers press his ever so lightly.

"That's well," he said, as he rose. "I must go now. This is not the regular visiting hour at all, and I have been admitted only by special favour. I walked this hospital before I took my degree, and was house surgeon in this very ward for two years. Good-bye, and remember your promise. No improvement, no Dora!"

With such a hope for her sick heart to feed on, it was not wonderful that Gillian should make rapid progress. The doctor who saw her morning and evening marvelled at the speed of her return to convalescence.

"I am to see Dora on Sunday, if I am better," she told him, and the explanation sufficed, as she had thought it would.

"Dora deserves to be patented and registered as a new healing agent," said the surgeon.

Sunday afternoon came, and with it came Dora, carried in the arms of a strapping, ruddy-cheeked peasant woman, who, dropping a curtesey, introduced herself as the little lady's nurse, and hadn't she come along beautiful? So pale and wizened as she had been, and now just look at her.

From the moment the child was laid upon her breast Gillian's recovery went on at an even quicker rate. With reviving strength came new interest in the things of life. She asked Bream when next he came where her husband was.

"He has vanished," was the answer. "We have no news of him."

"Was any effort made to find him?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Bream. "Every effort, but without result."

"Dora and I must face the world alone," said Gillian after a pause.

"I hope—I think," said Bream that the struggle will not be so severe as you anticipate. You are

strong enough to hear good news now. I have some brave news. Your trials are over, Mrs. O'Mara."

She looked at him with questioning eyes and heightened colour.

"I have spoken, perhaps, before I ought," said Mr. Bream; "indeed, there is an accredited messenger of the good news, a lawyer with whom I have been in communication for the past week, who can tell you all the details. I can tell you nothing more than that you are, by the death of your uncle, Robert Scott, of Sydney, put beyond the need of want."

"I am very glad," she said, "for Dora's sake."

It was a relief to Bream to find her take the news so quietly.

"I have seen you bear so much trouble bravely," he said, "that I could not help telling you so much. May I bring the lawyer here to-morrow afternoon?"

"I am glad I heard it first from you," she answered. "Dear friend, you are my good angel."

Bream came again the following day, accompanied by a grey-haired, fatherly old gentleman of precise and methodical manner, whom he introduced as Mr. Probyn.

"Of the firm of Grice, Probyn, and Davies, Old Jewry," added the solicitor. "I have the honour of addressing Mrs. Philip O'Mara?"

"That is my name," said Gillian.

"Otherwise Gillian Scott, only child of the late John Scott, doctor of medicine, of Merton Barnett, Shropshire."

"Yes."

"Do you remember your father having referred, in your presence, to a brother, Robert Scott?"

"Yes, he was my father's younger brother. He went to Australia before I was born."

"Quite so," said Mr. Probyn, referring to some memoranda. "In the year 1849. There were money transactions between them after Robert Scott left England."

"I believe so. My uncle was not successful in his business, and on more than one occasion he applied to my father for assistance."

"Quite so," said Mr. Probyn again. "I am happy to state, however, that his bad luck did not last. He died on the third of February of the present year, a widower and childless. I have here an attested copy of his will."

"He unfolded the document, and perching a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles on the extreme tip of his nose, scanned it at arm's length."

"I, Robert Scott—h'm (need scarcely trouble you with more formalities)—do hereby give, bequeath and devise all property whatsoever of which I die possessed, after the payment of my just debts, to Gillian, only daughter of my late beloved brother, John Scott, of Merton Barnett, in the county of Shropshire, England. The personality has been sworn under £20,000, and will be transferred to your account in London on the completion of the legal forms necessary in such cases. There is also some land in the neighbourhood of Sydney, of which you would have no difficulty of disposing, if so minded, though we are advised by our correspondents, the solicitors of the late Mr. Scott, that it is steadily rising in value, and is, therefore, probably worth retaining. Those and other details can be arranged at your convenience. Meanwhile, madam," the old gentleman rose and made a cordially stately bow. "I have the pleasure to wish you joy of your good fortune."

## CHAPTER V.

### SUMMER DAYS.

Two gentlemen attired in clerical costumes were walking together along a pleasant lane, bordered on one hand by a long line of lofty elms, swathed to mid-height in trailing ivy, and on the other by a low hedge, odorous with wild roses, over which was visible a wide reach of the rich pasture lands of Essex, shining in a chequered pattern of deep emerald and dull gold. It was verging on a mid-summer evening, and both time and place were beautiful in deep serenity.

One of the wayfarers was considerably his com-

panion's superior in years. He was a hale, ruddy-faced gentleman of sixty years or so, portly and comfortable of presence, and very lightly touched by time, save that his hair, which he wore rather longer than is the fashion of the present day, was snow white.

He had a mild, clear eye, and his habitual expression was one of rather absent-minded benevolence. Some peculiarities of his dress, which was dusty with long walking in the summer lanes, and which, though of the last cut and finest material, had a lack of complete neatness which proclaimed its wearer a bachelor, gave the learner in such matters the idea that the Reverend Mar- maduke Herbert was a High Churchman.

His companion, something over twenty years his junior, we have met before. Time had dealt not unkindly with Mr. Bream, as it does with all men of simple lives who regard existence as a sacred gift in trust from a great Master, and are zealous to give a good account of its utmost minute. His cheerfully resolute face and manly figure were as of old, and only the thinnest possible lines of gray in his thick brown hair proclaimed the passage of seven years since we last met him.

"We will close our round of visits, Bream," the elderly clergyman was saying in a full and genial voice, "at Mrs. Dartmouth's, who will, I dare say, give us a cup of tea. I expect you to be—ah! charmed with Mrs. Dartmouth, Bream. A most amiable and admirable lady."

"I shall be happy to make her acquaintance, sir."

"A most superior woman," said Mr. Herbert, "and a true—ah! daughter of the church. She is a widow, with one child. A daughter. When she first came among us, some six or seven years ago this summer, there was—ah! she excited considerable interest."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, she had, if I may so express myself, the—ah! the charm of mystery. Nobody knew who she was, or whence she came. In a small community like ours in Crouchford a stranger is likely to excite—ah! comment. That, however, passed away—and Mrs. Dartmouth was accepted as what she is, my dear Bream, a most amiable and accomplished lady."

Mr. Bream again expressed his pleasure at the prospect of making Mrs. Dartmouth's acquaintance.

"That," said Mr. Herbert, pointing with the polished stick of ebony he carried in his hand to a cluster of red brick chimneys visible above the trees, "is her home. We are now passing the outskirts of her freehold. She farms her own acres—an excellent woman of business."

The line of elms had given place to a twisted hedge, separated from the high road by a deep ditch. As the two friends walked on a little shower of wild field blossoms fell at their feet, and a light childish laugh drew their eyes to a spot where, the hedge being thinner, the figure of a little girl in a white summer dress touched here and there with fluttering pink ribbons, was standing above them.

"Ah! little mischief!" cried the elder cleric. "You are there. We are going to call upon mamma. Is she at home?"

"Yes," answered the child, looking shyly at Mr. Bream, "mamma is at home."

"That is well. This, Dora," continued Mr. Herbert, "is Mr. Bream, who has come to Crouchford to be my curate. As I am introducing you to your parishioners, Bream, let me seize this opportunity, and present you, Miss Dora Dartmouth, the Reverend Mr. John Bream."

The little girl bowed with a wonderfully demure aspect, and then, fearful of her own gravity, said, "I'll go and tell mamma," and was off at the word, like a flash of varicoloured light among the bushes.

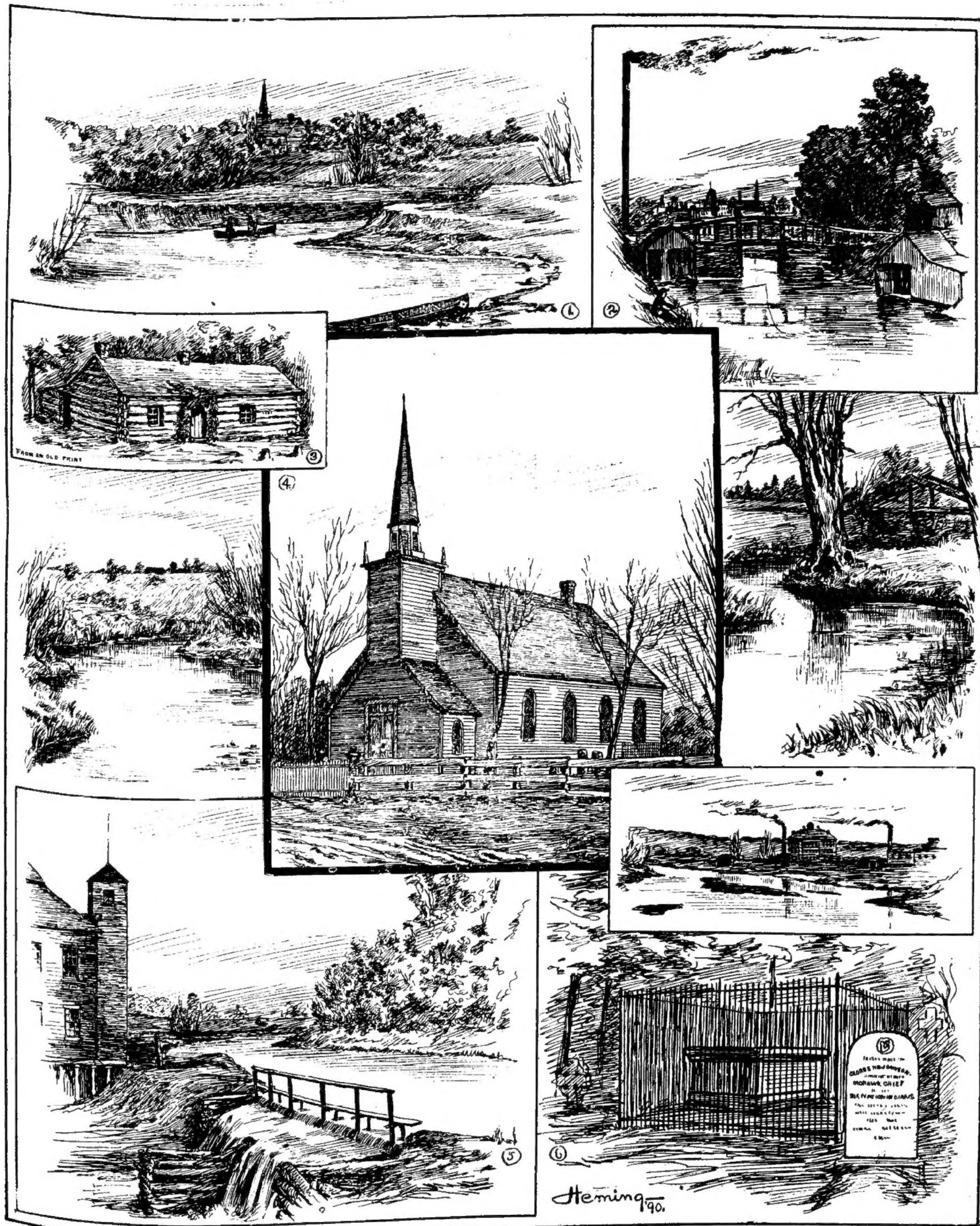
"A pretty child," said Bream.

"A delightful little thing, my dear Bream. A real child, a rarity nowadays. The precocious infant is—ah! unendurable, and its commonness is one of the saddest features of the degeneracy of our times."

Mr. Bream had an almost imperceptible dry smile at moments, and it crossed his face now.

(To be continued.)





No. 1. Mohawk Church from the River.  
No. 2. The Canal Bridge.  
No. 3. Original Mission-House at Tuscarora.

No. 4. The Mohawk Church.  
No. 5. The Canal Overflow.  
No. 6. Brant's Tomb.

SKETCHES AROUND BRANTFORD, ONT.  
(By our Special artist.)





The M. A. C. has secured a remarkably successful young athlete to do honor to its cherry diamond at home and abroad. Joe Donoghue has been almost phenomenally successful and has won about everything in the skating line that he started in to win in his last European tour. The Dutch and Norwegian champions have succumbed to the American's prowess, and his success is the more remarkable when it is considered that even at Newburg the facilities for skating can hardly compare with those we have in any Canadian city of moderate size. The result of his work in London will be anxiously looked forward to, more especially in regard to the coming championship meeting of the American and Canadian Skating Associations. There is hardly any doubt that the American champion will compete in the former series of events, and in all probability he will have a comparatively easy thing of it, for his reputation is alone liable to scare off some good men who would otherwise be able, perhaps, to give him a very hard turn. In the Canadian races the case will be somewhat different. There are several men in the Dominion who will not scare to any great extent, and who think, in fact, that they will not only be able to hold their own, but that they will be able to administer a defeat to the crack man of the Stars and Stripes. It may be said, "Why did not these men meet Donoghue before?" The answer to that is easily given. Few skaters can afford to spend much time away from home, especially in an expensive city like New York, waiting from day to day for suitable ice, and in Canada we have had no organization sufficiently wealthy to pay the necessary expenses. In this column I have previously advocated the idea of Montreal being represented on the ice, under the ægis of the M.A.A.A. or the Amateur Skating Association, but with one exception the matter does not seem to have received favourable consideration. There is now a possibility that this may be changed. It will be remembered that, at the annual meeting of the Skating Association, a formal application was made by Mr. Jas. A. Taylor on behalf of the Montreal Toboggan (Skating) Club for the privilege of having the championship skating races held under their auspices, on the open air rink at Cote St. Antoine. The idea was a good one, but it also gave rise to another idea, a better one even than the first. Some of the shrewd business men in the Skating Association reasoned that if the M.A.A.A. could afford to give the meeting and put up the necessary medals and trophies, there was no reason in the world why the A.S.A.C. could not do the same thing. Accordingly it was decided to hire the rink for the day from the M.A.A.A., and for the first time in the history of the association give the meeting directly under the control of the A.S.A.C. It is also understood that, with a view to encouraging the work of the association, the M.A.A.A. will rent the rink at a merely nominal sum, a piece of generosity for which they are justly to be commended. Under these circumstances there will be some likelihood of having our skating cousins from across the line compete. In the past the principal objection has been to the small size of the rink, but with a quarter of a mile track this can hardly hold, and as the Manhattan Athletic Club will now be looking for new worlds to conquer, it may be expected that their crack representative, Donoghue, will be seen on Canadian ice this winter. There is still another side worth considering in this matter. The A.S.A.C. will probably make some money on its championship meeting, and to what better use could it be put than in sending away a few of our flyers to take part in the American championships. There are enough good men, and fast ones at that, to worthily uphold the honour of Canada, and what money would be spent would be bread cast upon the waters, which would return next year or the year after.

The National Skating Association's sixth annual championship will be held some place within 75 miles of New York city on January 30th and 31st. The events opened to all amateurs in the world are: Quarter mile, 1 mile, 5 miles and 10 miles. Entries should be made to S. J. Montgomery, secretary National Amateur Skating Association, P. O. box 938, New York.

The effort of the Manhattan Athletic Club to have a skating rink on top of their magnificent club house has been a partial success, but the least bit of warm weather plays havoc with the ice, and altogether it is not such an unqualified blessing as was expected.

For many years there has been no such drawback in amateur sports as the question of doubtful standing in regard to professionalism. The temptations that have been put in the way of any good man in his class have, in many cases, been too powerful to be overcome by the ordinary mortal, especially when there appears to be a perfect cloak of safety to cover any underhand work that may be attempted. In no branch of sport has this been made more apparent than in aquatics, and some of the ways adopted would give pointers to the reptile of wisdom. For instance, within my own personal knowledge, I know of a case where an amateur, to all outside appearances, during his training season, used to go to a certain saloon regularly every morning and demand sherry and egg. He invariably presented a dollar bill in payment, and just as invariably received \$9.85 in change. In other words, he received \$10 a day, but as nobody could accuse him of receiving money for his work he remained an "amateur" for many years, until at last, with his natural bent, he drifted into the ranks of professionalism, where he remains yet, although he does not seem to have made any great fortune at the business. This is only one case in the many I could mention, but it is a typical one, one of those which it is almost impossible to guard against, and one of those which has succeeded, in a measure, in driving genuine amateurs out of the ranks of contestants. In this connection the recent action of the New England Rowing Association is of more than usual interest. The difficulty has been recognized, and, as far as legislation can go, steps have been taken, in their new definition of the amateur rule, which will go as near as it appears possible to go, to eradicate disguised professionalism. The new definition of an amateur is one of which the gist might be adopted with advantage by other athletic organizations. It is as follows:—

"One who does not enter into an open competition or for either a stake, public, or admission money or entrance fee, or compete with or against a professional for any prize; who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood; whose membership of any rowing or athletic club was not brought about or does not continue because of any mutual agreement or understanding, express or implied, whereby his becoming a member of such club would be of any pecuniary advantage to him whatever, direct or indirect, and who has never been employed in any occupation involving any use of the oar or paddle; one who rows for pleasure or recreation only and during his leisure hours, and does not abandon or neglect his usual business or occupation for the purpose of training, and who shall otherwise conform to the rules of this association."

The following section gives the executive committee the power to sit in judgment on a man whose amateur standing has been questioned, and if it is found that anybody has been disqualified by any other athletic organization whatever, the question of his eligibility to the New England Association's regattas shall not be considered until the case is referred back to the disqualifying association. If the "suspect" is not under the ban of any other association the matter will be left in the hands of the executive committee. The adoption of this code will make the New England Association in a measure more independent of the national amateurs. The old system whereby the New Englanders, although many times more numerous than the oarsmen from any other section, were allowed but one delegate in the National Association, was not satisfactory, and the revision of the rules will be found to have met more nearly the demands of amateur oarsmen. It is not to be understood, however, that there is a conflict with the National Association. On the contrary, the best of feeling prevails between the two organizations.

The season for steeplechases is now in full swing, but it cannot be said that any startling amount of interest is being taken in the sport. The Emeralds were unfortunate in the date for their green steeplechase. It was snowshoeing with a vengeance, and the amount of the beautiful sandy material that had to be got over or ploughed through was sufficient to satisfy anybody. Consequently time was slow. Following is the score:—1, E. McMahon, 29m. 32s.; 2, H. Kearns, 29.36; 3, M. M. Malone, 33.04; 4, E. Kearns, 55 min.

The Argyles were much more fortunate, that is as far as time was concerned, but then it should be remembered that there was not the same difficulties to be overcome. Mr. Steele was the victor in this case, as will be seen from the following score:—1, R. Steele, 19m. 18s.; 2, W. J. Reid, 20.40; 3, J. Cuthbert, 21.25; 4, W. A. Booth, 23.07; 5, J. A. Hayes, 27.27.

The snowshoers seem to be recognizing the necessity of making some effort to stir up the lagging spirits of the knights of the gutted shoe. There are always a certain number of enthusiasts, who follow their ideal of sport through thick and thin, but unfortunately their number is not legion. It is with the idea of remedying this incipient evil and attracting popular attention that the snowshoers have settled on the plan of holding a general snowshoe entertainment, which will take place on the 28th inst. Just what shape the entertainment will take is left in the hands of a committee, and from its composition one thing may be calculated on, and that is that if the public are not satisfied, then they must be hard to please.

Outside of the absolute pleasure of tramping over the snow in the aboriginal fashion, what is there that will add zest to the sport in comparison with the presence of the fair sex, and this is the reason that the ladies' nights held so far this season have been remarkably successful. No effort is left untried, and the ladies are delighted. The result is obvious. The attraction is too great for the boys to resist.

The Stoney Creek and Ormstown Curling clubs are as strong as ever in their healthy rivalry at the fine old game. The last match saw the Stoney Creekers get a most unmitigated whipping, but they are not the least bit discouraged, and will be heard from again before the dust flies. The following score tells the tale of their last match:—

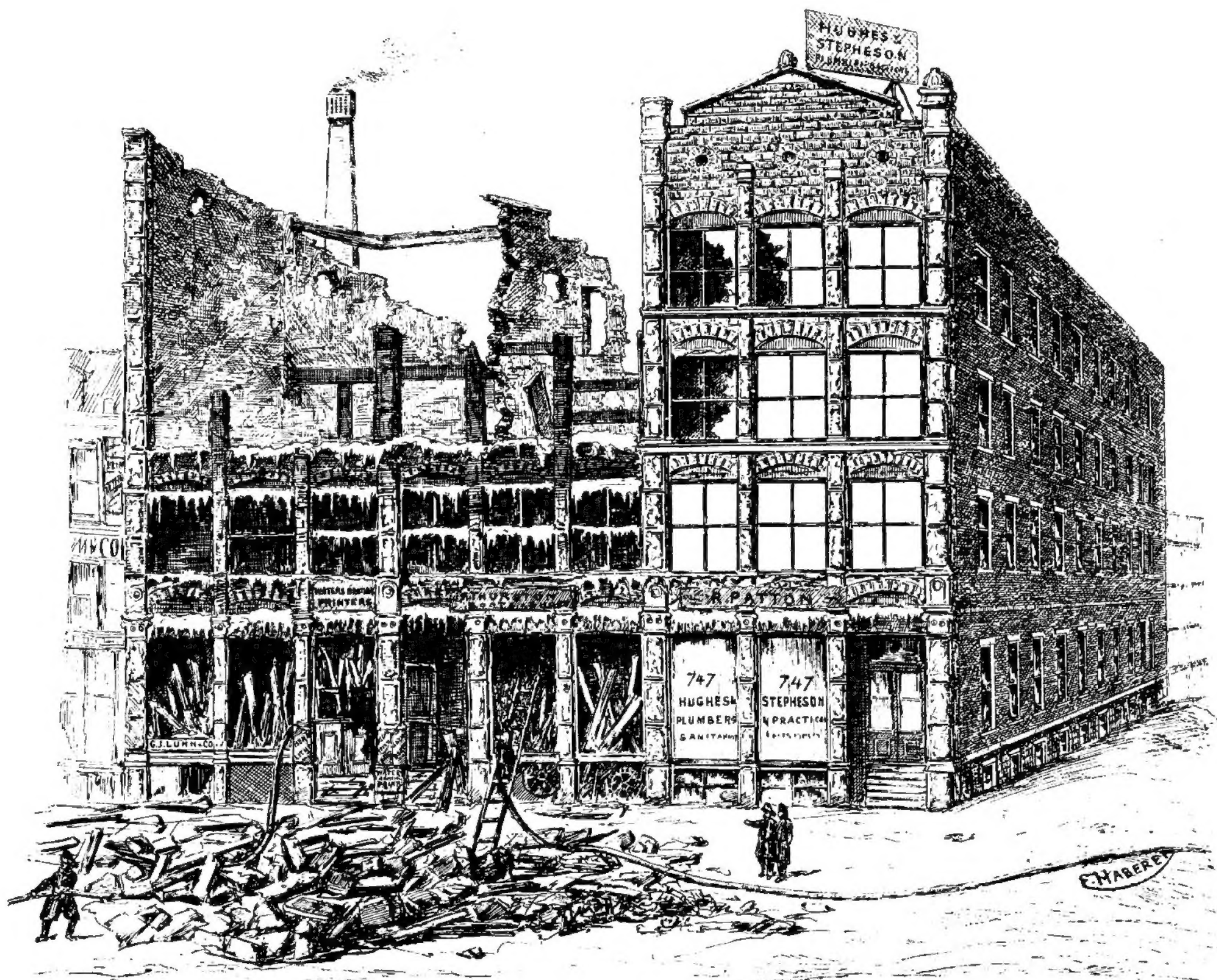
Ormstown.		Stoney Creek.	
		RINK NO. 1.	
H. Smith		W. Rice	
J. B. Walsh		J. Reid	
J. H. Smith		P. Reid	
C. H. McNee	—skip 14	T. Winter	—skip 4
		RINK NO. 2.	
J. Cottingham		J. Mills	
F. Kee		R. Mills	
J. Darby		J. M. G. Winter	
R. J. Walsh	—skip 10	W. Lindsay	—skip 5
Total .....		Total .....	
Majority for Ormstown, 15 shots.			

The Thistle Club were not particularly successful during their trip to St. Johns, P.Q., the local club defeating them by a score of 37 to 17. In the friendly match between the Montreal and Caledonian clubs there was somewhat of a surprise for the former, and at the time of writing, with only one rink to play, the lead of 26, which the Caledonians possess, is not likely to be overcome.

The Ottawa Bowling team made amends for their defeat in Montreal by beating the M.A.A.A. team on Saturday last with the comfortable majority of 227 points, the scores being:—Ottawa, 2760; M.A.A.A., 2533. H. Morrison, captain of the Ottawa team, made an excellent average of 180 $\frac{2}{3}$ . This was the fifth competition in the regular schedule.

The visit of a curtailed team of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, accompanied by another team of Caughnawaga Indians, to New York appears to have been a very enjoyable one even if very brief. The crack teams of the United States fell easy victims to the prowess of the Canadians, to whom it must have been a novelty to play under the strictures of space necessary. There is no doubt but that the people who attended the competitions thoroughly enjoyed themselves, but the representatives of the M.A.A.A. could hardly do themselves justice under the circumstances. However, the boys came back well pleased with their trip. The *Week's Sport* has made some strictures on the question of the amateurism of these exhibitions, but they seem more influenced by spleen than by any genuine desire for the good of amateurism. The Indian contingent did not cover itself with glory, but the noble red man seems an uncertain quantity at the best of times.





RUINS OF BUILDING ON CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, DESTROYED BY FIRE 12TH JANUARY.  
(By our Special Artist.)

The progress of athletics and athletic institutions in Canada during late years has been marked. The latest town to fall into line is St. Catharines, Ont., which inaugurated the new year with the formal opening of the St. Catharines Amateur Athletic Association. From present indications the new organization will soon be heard from, as St. Catharines is essentially a sporting town, and with a start of 240 charter members there ought to be a healthy development of athletics in St. Kitts.

The default which the Quebec club made to a certain extent threw a damper on the senior hockey contest, but the juniors and the outside leagues do not seem to have been discouraged to any great extent. The first match in the junior series between the Victorias and Hawthornes resulted in a win for the former, with a score of two to one, after a game which, in merit, would run some of the seniors pretty close. Then there is the Drygoods League and the Insurance aggregation, both of which can put several really first-class teams on the ice. The more the merrier. There is plenty of room for all the hockey clubs that can be got together, and the only pity is that although other cities have hockey clubs they do not seem to follow up the sport with any amount of enthusiasm.

The trotting men are having a very lively time all to themselves in Ottawa, and before they get through they will have succeeded in preventing each other from making any money out of their tracks. The Ottawa club and the

Hull club have carefully arranged their dates so that they will clash, and the battle began on Saturday last, when each club gave a meeting. The Ottawa club are now out with a programme for a four days' meeting, from the 10th to the 14th February, when \$1,500 will be hung out in prizes. One race will attract the attention of horse owners; it is the Central Canada Breeders' and Owners' purse of \$175 for the 2.50 class, for horses bred and owned in Canada, and it will probably receive a large number of entries.

O'Connor, the champion sculler of America, has not given up hope yet of meeting with Hanlan, Gaudaur or Teemer. In fact he is particularly anxious for a match with any or all of these oarsmen, and he still has on deposit the \$500 which McLean forfeited to him, which he is willing that any sculler should cover for a race for the championship. The Toronto man is keeping himself in splendid condition for an emergency and is in daily active training, which principally takes the form of skating on the bay.

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association the following officers were elected for the coming year:— Patron, his Excellency the Governor-General; Honourary Presidents, H. A. Howe, LL.D., Montreal, and T. Ledroit, LL.D., Quebec; President, Wm. Boulton, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. J. Henderson, Montreal, J. E. Harroway, Ottawa and C. P. Champion, Quebec; Managing Committee, Messrs. Davidson, Cross, Freeland and Braith-

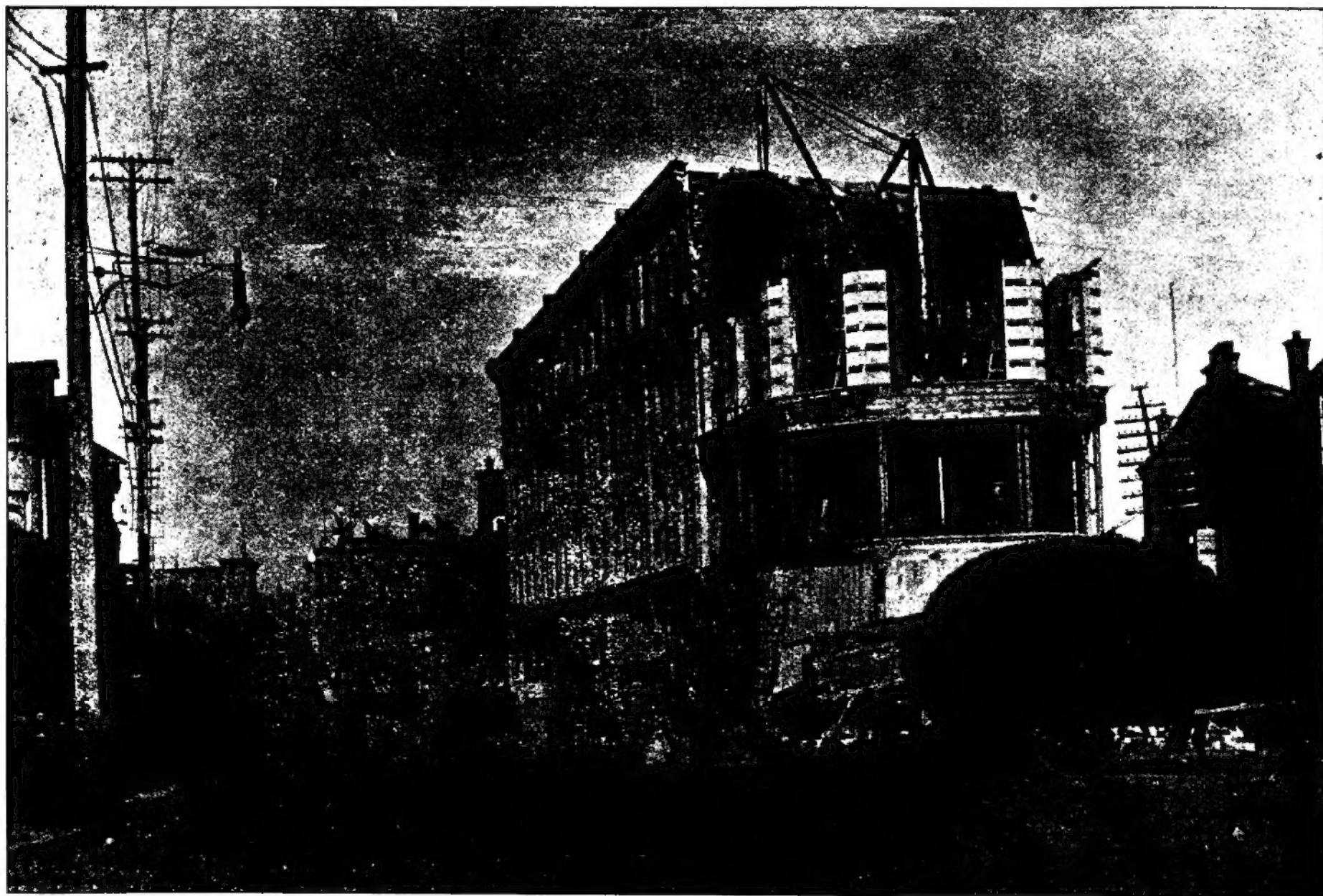
waite, Toronto; G. W. Liddell, R. Short, Montreal; T. Taylor, Ottawa; W. J. Murphy, Quebec; Secretary-Treasurer, John McGregor, Toronto. The annual chess tournament is now in progress, at which representatives from Quebec, Ottawa and Montreal are present. The prizes are a silver cup valued at \$100, with a prize valued at \$25 added, and a second silver cup valued at \$35, with a prize of \$15 attached.

The Bel-Air Jockey Club are again lucky this year in the generosity of their friends. S. Davis & Sons have donated \$500 for a race, the conditions of which will be announced later. The club will add \$500, making it a stake race of \$1,000, which will be called the El Padre stakes.

The annual meeting of the Fish and Game Protection Club was held on Saturday. The secretary's report was particularly interesting, as showing the amount of work done during the past year, and a continuance of such energetic work will go a long way towards fulfilling the objects of the club. The following gentlemen were elected officers: President, George Boulter; vice-president, T. C. Brainerd; secretary, A. N. Shewan; treasurer, H. W. Becket. Committee: I. H. Stearns, L. A. Boyer, George Horne, A. A. Wilson, W. H. Parker, T. V. R. Brown, H. W. Atwater, H. R. Ives, A. Boyer, M. L. A., T. Hiam, G. W. Stephens, A. Dawes, E. L. Clarke, E. A. Cowley, Dr. Finnie.

R. O. X.





VIEW DURING THE WIDENING OF NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1890.



BRIDGE OVER THE MONTMORENCI RIVER, ABOVE THE FALLS, NEAR QUEBEC.  
(Mr. H. Laurie, Am.\*photo.)





F. S. Coté ('90-'91.)  
S. S. Boxer ('90.)  
John Taylor ('91.)  
E. Dumaresq ('90-'91.)

F. P. Benjamin ('91.)  
R. C. Simpson ('91.)  
D. D. Black ('91.)  
G. L. Cains ('90.)

Wm. Waugh ('90-'91.)  
Geo. Browne ('90-'91.)  
Max. Murdoch ('90-'91.)  
Jas. Croil ('90-'91.)

DIRECTORS OF THE DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION FOR 1890-91.





Christmas has come and gone, and here we are on the threshold of another year, with untried paths before us—new joys, new sorrows, new difficulties. Now, too, comes the grocer with his lengthy bill, and a feeling of melancholy is upon us which cannot be dispelled.

Life in these Canadian woods, where we find our delights in Nature, and look no further than to the extent of our own acres for our happiness, is so quietly our own that a crime such as those which have occurred lately in our vicinity, rouses in our minds not only a feeling of disgust and dismay, but also one of personal resentment. It is as though we said to ourselves: "Let the inhabitants of the great cities, Chicago, New York, Montreal, have their murders and their suicides, these are their daily food; they drink them in with their coffee at breakfast, and, in a certain manner, enjoy them." The papers, without such tragic and blood-curdling accounts (all the more interesting because so near and so true), would be tame and unreadable to them. But here, with the sounds of the pines and the firs in our ears—here, where the white snow lies in calm beauty over the land, where the organ-man is a novelty and an electric light station an innovation that suggests the millennium—here, there is no place for tragedies, no room for crimes. Think of that man, Marshall Dillon, and his wife, lying for hours in the woods at Hubbard's Cove slowly dying from the effects of laudanum poisoning and the winter rigour. Could any situation be imagined more full of wretched pathos. After a youth of profligacy and dissipation ending in fraud and felony. Flying from justice and tracked to his hiding place, he eludes this world's punishment and enters the world unseen by an act which is the culminating point in a disgraceful career. There is no man, however degraded or debased, but seems to have some woman who clings to him, some loving soul who would face any danger with or for him. This fact has puzzled many thinkers; it has been put down to a certain dog-like fidelity which is a characteristic of some women, or to the result merely of propinquity. I have often thought over it, and I think I have accounted for it in a better way. It is the *mother feeling*, that which is so strong in every true woman, the yearning that you often see displayed by a mother to a mis-shapen or sickly child. Such a woman loves a man (and what a real woman's love is, in its usefulness and devotion, only he knows who has experienced it), and she sees his faults and mourns over them, as she might over a physical deformity, and loves all the more because of them. He gets into trouble. Is this a time to leave him, when he needs more her comforting, her influence, her love? No, indeed, says the poor creature, and she follows him even to death, if need be, as did this unfortunate woman who poisoned herself with Dillon in the woods. And the poor little soul who threw herself into the icy river because she feared punishment for some girlish fault, were her sixteen years so full of trouble that this seemed a happy alternative? Were it not for my Browning I should have long ago become a pessimist of the deepest dye. I read:

"Fool! All that is, at all  
Lasts ever, past escape  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;  
What entered into thee  
That was, is and shall be,  
Time's wheel runs back or stops, potter and clay endure."  
And

Therefore, I summon age  
To grant life's heritage,  
Life's struggle having so far reached its term,  
Thence shall I pass, approved,  
A man, for aye removed  
From the developed brute; *a God though in the germ.*

And I get a tonic that braces me up, and dispels gloom.  
Or I devour such lines as these:

"In one year they sent a million fighters forth  
South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high  
As the sky,  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—  
Gold, of course.  
Oh, heart! blood that freezes, blood that turns!  
Earth's returns

For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!  
Shut them in  
With their triumphs, and their glories, and the rest!  
*Love is best.*"

And I live, and love, and am content.

The governors and professors of King's College intend holding an "At Home" in the Church of England Institute building in Halifax on the 8th inst. The year opens brightly for King's, inasmuch as there are twice as many students as this time last year, and the finances are in a better condition than has been the case of late. If we are honoured with an invitation to the soirée I have no doubt that we shall enjoy ourselves. How we always enjoy the Eucœina festivities in Windsor! There is a peculiar pleasure about this week—the last week in June each year. With the exception of the actual Eucœina proceedings, there is very little formality about it all, every one does pretty much as he or she pleases, and the beautiful grounds, the conversazione music, and the meeting of old friends, are all appreciated to the full.

I was somewhat surprised to hear that a short time ago the governors and those in authority at King's College had called a special convocation to confer the degree of D.C.L. upon a man of whom they proved by their action they knew but little. It seems to me that the College is always in somewhat too much of a hurry to confer degrees, it rather detracts from the appreciation that would accompany such an honour to have the same bestowed in so wholesale a manner. But to confer a degree in regular course, and at the usual time, is an entirely different thing to calling a special convocation for the purpose. Surely a man who could call for this distinction should be a man of peculiar gifts, special nobleness of character, acknowledged worth. Unfortunately, it is but too well known to a few in the Dominion, as to many in the neighbouring Republic, that the object of this honour, so lately bestowed, possessed any but the qualities that should be necessary, any gifts but those that should properly be required. I do not know to whose influence the College's action in this case is due, but surely some one among the friends of the College, or one, at least, of the Board of Governors should have seen that this was not done. It is such hasty and unjustifiable actions as these that injure King's College in the eyes of her contemporaries, and vex the friends who would give her every assistance in their power.

Next time I want to speak a few words to my sisters in the Upper Provinces of our great Dominion. I am a Canadian to the core, and there is one matter about which I wish to speak to my sister Canadians, which I think will prove of interest to both. To the lady readers of our DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, therefore, will come, next time, a voice from the Maritime Provinces.

## POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale.

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

A literary gentleman of Montreal evinced a little inclination some time ago to venture upon a brochure to bear some such title as "The Origin of Superstitions"; but it has not been forthcoming, and remains, therefore, among those unwritten works which, we are assured, are always superior to anything extant. Here and there in the newspapers one sees an occasional fugitive paragraph treating of some superstition, but many remain still unexplained. Why, for example, should one make a wish when passing beneath a ladder? Presumably one does wish—that nothing may drop on him! Why should breaking a looking-glass bring bad luck? Bad luck of one kind it is certainly likely to bring in the shape of an angry house-keeper. The proverbial horse-shoe when found seems quite as likely to bring bad luck as good, especially if found very suddenly while still on the horse's hoof. Getting out of bed on the left foot does probably give rise to ill-temper, when there is a tack on the floor. The present of a jack-knife (supposing the blades to be very, very dull) might possibly create a coolness. And thirteen at table might in time prove fatal to one of the number, if the table were always set for only twelve. Little superstitions continue to be transmitted through the medium of a kind of folk-lore, of which there exists more than one might imagine.

Originally the term "Christmas-box" signified a small

gift, usually of money, to persons of an inferior condition on the day after Christmas, which was popularly and ambiguously called "Boxing-day." In the year 1836 the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs despatched a circular to the different embassies, requesting a discontinuance of the custom of giving Christmas-boxes to messengers and other Government servants. And London tradesmen about the same time stuck notices in their windows that no Christmas-boxes would be given, as had formerly been the habit, to the male and female servants of their customers. In short, the Christmas-box system had become more of a burden than the scriptural grass-hopper. The customers, on the other hand, had been expected to make some trifling present to the tradesman's apprentice, who, as an old poem puts it:

"Throughout the town his devious route pursued;  
And, of his master's customers implored  
The yearly mite."

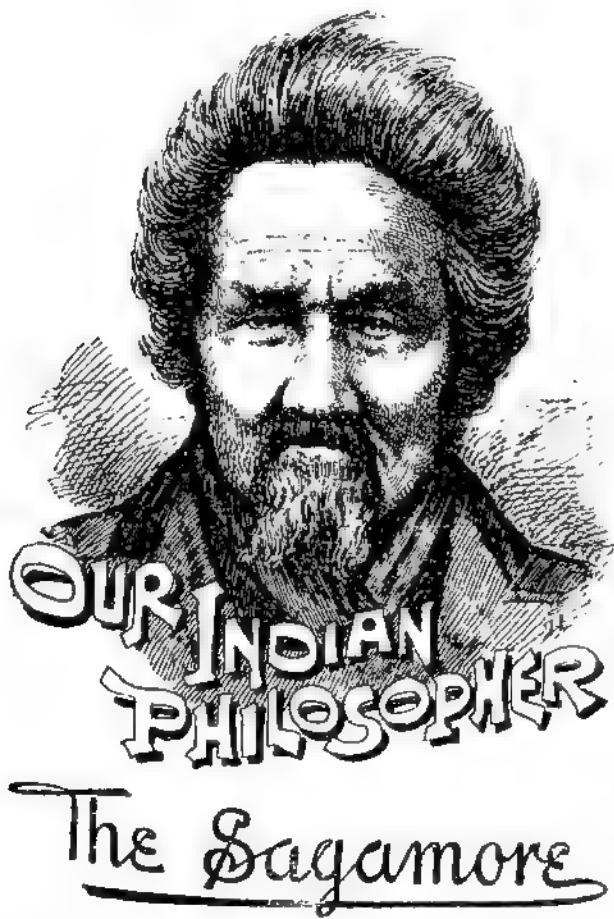
So far as the custom prevails in Canada, it has not been found onerous; although, the same, perhaps, may not be the universal opinion concerning Christmas cards. It may, of course, like all good things, be carried to excess to-day as of yore. It would, however, require more than a "circular from the Secretary of State" to put a stop to it, I fancy.

When a shantyman was recently asked why, upon coming to town, instead of getting drunk and squandering his cash, he did not keep sober, see something and save his money, the brief but expressive reply was: "Well, I really *haven't time*." He meant, of course, that if he could have a spree first and improve his mind after, he would have no objection to improving his mind; but as it was he only had time for the spree. A spree on coming to town is with the shantyman an "institution." He would lose caste with his associates if, on returning to the shanty, he could not tell of some window he had smashed or some other rash act committed in the exuberance of his spirits. Possessed usually of considerable ready money, and with but little knowledge of prices, he forms, as might be imagined, a ready prey for unscrupulous tradesmen and others. A list I once saw of the different sums expended on articles purchased by a shantyman during a "time" in town contained, I remember, among other items, one of \$10 for a tin-type. Common articles of clothing had been purchased at equally exorbitant prices. As there is a law to protect credulous sailors from the wiles of the wicked, the principle might be extended with propriety to others whose lot is cast outside the busy haunts of men.

A fever of prize competitions seems to be sweeping the country. Toronto and Montreal have the majority, but by no means the monopoly of them. Literally, the rival journals are waging a "war of words," word competitions, biblical and otherwise, being advertised on every hand. The young man who is matrimonially inclined is offered a house and everything, indeed, except a wife; trips round this mundane sphere (and back again, if you like), are common every-day offers, and a paltry thousand or so in gold is thought nothing of. And still, in each case, the wonder grows that one small journal should be able to fulfil such magniloquent promises. Such munificent rivalry reminds one of the old days in Toronto when the steamers *Rothsay* and *Chicora* were pushing one another pretty hard for the Niagara traffic. Rates were cut to such an extent that at last the captain, I think of the *Rothsay*, vowed he would carry passengers to Niagara free and give them a square meal into the bargain before he would be outdone. If all steamers were run on equally generous principles, the journals could offer free trips without hurting themselves very much.

LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—The largest tree in the world has been discovered in Fresno County, beating by all odds the wonder of Calaveras. Frank Loomis, an old mountaineer, with a party, was hunting bears in the Sierras east of Centerville, and wounded a big fellow in the most rugged portion of the range. In pursuing him they were forced to use axes and knives through the underbrush, and they unexpectedly came upon the king of the forests. In spanning it a rope 143 feet 5 inches long was required, and its diameter was found to be 43 feet. The great tree was christened "*Los Orejano*,"—*English Mechanic*.





The sagamore appeared to be considerably under the weather. His hair had lost its alertness and reclined absently on his shirt collar. He lay on his couch in a listless fashion, and bore a general resemblance to one who had passed through a period of dire commotion and upheaval.

"My brother," said the reporter, "it grieves me much to find you thus. Gin?"

"Aint been any gin round here," said Mr. Paul sadly. "I been sick."

"A thousand pardons," said the reporter. "I thought it was gin."

"I had pooty hard time since I been sick," said Mr. Paul, rising on his elbow the better to sample the contents of the reporter's pouch.

"You look it," said the reporter sympathetically. "But of course you had the best of care?"

"Aint anybody cares much about me," responded the sagamore. "Them Injuns don't care if I die right away."

"Possible!" ejaculated the reporter. "The heartless wretches! And did no one come to see you?"

"One man come," replied the sagamore.

"Ah! A good Samaritan. Heaven bless such men! They are the salt of the earth. And what did he do for you, my brother?"

"He come in here—groaned some—then told me, 'Lord sent me inquire after your soul.'"



"Oh," said the reporter, "he came to offer spiritual consolation."

"S'pose so," said Mr. Paul. "He didn't bring me no gruel."

"Ah, my brother, the spirit is more than gruel and the body than raiment."

"That's what he said," rejoined Mr. Paul.

"And I have no doubt," said the reporter, "you had a blessed season of communion together."

For answer the sagamore pointed to a scalp that hung on the wall of the wigwam. The reporter stared in amazement.

"In Heaven's name!" he gasped—"What is that?"

"That old croaker's scalp," composedly rejoined the sagamore.

"What? The man sent by the Manitou—his scalp?"

"Ah-ha," assented Mr. Paul complacently.

The reporter's hands went up in horror at this awful sacrilege.

"Scalped the messenger from the Manitou! Laid violent hands upon the—the—Oh, Mr. Paul!"

"Manitou never sent that old croaker here," scornfully declared the sagamore.

"How do you know?"

"Can't fool me," answered the warrior. "Manitou knowed I wanted gruel. If he sent anybody here he make 'em bring me some gruel."

"How did this man act?" asked the reporter.

"He ask me if I don't want him pray with me."

"Yes," said the reporter.

"Then he wiped his nose on his coat sleeve and groaned some more."

"And did he pray?"

"He prayed little while," said the sagamore. "He thanked Manitou for makin' us sick sometimes so we won't forgit 'bout bein' gras'. Then he coaxed Manitou soften me up so I'll see what heap sinner I been this long time."

"Yes," said the reporter expectantly—"and what then?"

"Then," said the sagamore grimly, "I took that croaker's scalp."



"Did you kill him?" gasped the reporter.

"That be too good for him," rejoined Mr. Paul, "I scalp him—then I kick him out. He won't come round here no more."

"Probably not," admitted the reporter. "And have there been no manifestations of the displeasure of the Manitou?"

"Aint been any," responded Mr. Paul, "Manitou never sent him. If you say amen every time man tells you Manitou give him a job, you got all you kin do this winter."

"I half believe you're right," said the reporter. "If I had been in your place, I'd have done just the same. By the way, this is the beginning of the year. Let us honor a good old custom."

The reporter produced a flask. He was about to produce a corkscrew, but an ominous gleam in the old man's eye restrained him. Just ten seconds later he was displacing molecules in the outer atmosphere at the rate of ten miles an hour, one hand clutching his scalp to be sure it was still in its place.

"Mebbe white man starts new year drunk," yelled Mr. Paul, who stood in the wigwam door flourishing a tomahawk, "but that aint Injun way. If you come round here with any more gin you git what that croaker did. You'n him both come from same place. You'll go same place too."

With this awful prediction ringing in his ears, the reporter rushed out of sight around a bend in the road. The prediction haunted him, and all night in his dreams he heard weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

ENTIRELY INNOCENT.—Sunday-school Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Will one of the smaller boys answer? No reply. Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Little Boy, badly frightened: "It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week."

## Varieties.

Billie—"How is it they call Rollins a major? He didn't enlist until the war was nearly over." Caster—"Why, you see, the government has always kept his rank private, and his friends call him major so as not to hurt his feelings."

NO CHANGE POSSIBLE.—"But, your Honour," said the prisoner, "six months for me? Remember, sir, I have been a member of the Legislature and once ran for Congress." "That may be. But you should have spoken sooner. I cannot increase your sentence now."

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—On Christmas morning three or four years ago I started out for a hunting trip with a Mississippi planter, and when we had gone about half a mile from the house we came full upon a coloured man who had killed a pig weighing about 100 pounds and was dressing it. He had no warning of our approach, but exercised wonderful nerve. As soon as we came up he removed his hat, bowed very low and said: "Kurnel, I war jist comin' up to the house to restore you my thanks. 'Low me, sah, to say dat I nebber dun depreciated anything like dis present of yours." "What present, boy?" "Dis yere pig, sah. I was dun outer meat 'an I can't tell you how much obleeged I ar'." "Look here, boy!" "Yes, sah." "I don't know you. You are a stranger in this neighborhood. You run that hog down." "Why, kurnel, how you talk! Doan' you member dat day las' July when you was down to Biloxi?" "No, sir, I wasn't down there in July!" "Ar' it possible! An' you didn't tell me to come up heah an' get a shoat Christmas!" "No, sir!" "Nebber dun tole me nuffin?" "No, sir!" "An' dis ar' your pig?" "Yes, sir!" "Wall! Wall! It's mighty quare dat I made sich a mistake. Mebbe it's on 'count of dat tree which fell on my head las' winter. Did you want de pig car'd up to the house, kurnel?" "I do. Take it direct to the house and then make tracks!" "Suah, kurnel, suah! I'll take it right up an' den hurray right away. Sakes alive, but when dat tree cracked my head all de sense mus' hev run out! Good bye, Kurnel. I'll leab de pig right at de house an' walk right off. No harm, kurnel, all a mistake on my part. Nice pig, kurnel, an' I wish you many returns ob de same!"

## The Behring Sea Question.



Mr. Blaine—Perhaps those Canadian rascals think I'm afraid to shoot. By the bones of the late Mr. Monroe, but I'll blow them out of the water!"



—"Immortal Moses! That critter away up here!"





ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.  
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

### A Morning's Ride in Upper Burma.

A long night of tossing and turning on the bed, of counting the hours as the garrison gong breaks the monotony of darkness, and then, just before morning, a little breeze springs up, and we fall into a deep refreshing sleep. Not to last long however, for as dawn glimmers in the east *reveillé* peals out, and as we turn uneasily to snatch another minute of rest, there is a knock at the door, and "Please sir! quarter to five; tea ready, sir," sounds in our ears. We must not delay if we would catch the freshness of the early morning, and it does not take one long to dress for a jungle ride, so by a quarter past five we are in the saddle and off. Our steeds are two hardy little Burman ponies—pretty creatures, only standing 12.2 and 12.3 respectively, yet up to almost any weight, willing to go all day, and clever with their feet on rough ground. We canter across the *maidan* (parade ground) and enter a shady lane.

It is always a matter of speculation with us how these lanes were formed; no Burman ever planted the cactus and creepers which twine so luxuriantly over the bushes; and we have come to the conclusion that they were primarily paths through the dense jungle, and as the ground was cleared for cultivation, a border was left along the sides of the roads, true to the Burmanese principle of not doing one stroke more work than is absolutely necessary.

These are the cart roads, and as we pursue the winding track we hear a gruesome sound in the distance, it is something between a bark and a groan, rising occasionally to an appalling yell, as of a score of pigs under torment, and as a cloud of dust meets us at the next corner we turn our ponies aside to let the cart pass. The Burmanese cart is of the most primitive kind; the wheel is simply a circle of wood, through the centre of which a hole is made for the axle. I have heard that in the more remote districts the wheel is not even rounded, but allowed to wear itself into shape. Through what joltings this is accomplished on rough, unmade roads, in which the rents are two feet deep at times, I leave to the imagination. But jolting is apparently congenial to the Burman, for he sits well forward on his load of paddy, (rice) or maize, with cigar between his

teeth, (a dirty loincloth wound round him, and a bright silk handkerchief pushed askew on his head constituting his costume) and his Mongolian features expand into a broad grin as he looks with curiosity on the surprising spectacle of a woman on horseback.

One of the first ladies who rode in Upper Burma is said to have elicited the remark:

"If the women can ride horses, what is it the men cannot do?" And truly it seems that we are only objects of surprise to each other, for in a moment we come to a deep gully, down which the horses scramble to what will be the bed of a stream in the rains, and rush up the other side, almost as steep as a house. We know the cart has passed this very gully, and as we look back, we wonder how the bullocks, willing and plodding as they are, ever dragged that lumbering piece of workmanship up the sides. And now the sun is slowly rising. One of the mind pictures of one's early youth is that of the sun rising glorious from beds of clouds; but here it is painfully evident that he has been up elsewhere all night. Up above the horizon rises the great red ball, shorn of all mystery, and of half its majesty and splendour; and as it mounts into the sky the heavens brighten to a vivid blue, and the horizon fades into the grey mistiness which marks the Burmese hot weather.

The sides of the lane are thicker and greener, and on the tips of the cactus leaves little flowers shoot out, in shape like a half open rose, but striped red and yellow; a straggling branch bars our way, studded with bunches of delicate white blossom, and a butterfly flutters near, with a brilliant scarlet body. High up in the sun-lit air circles a kite, its cruel eye fixed on its prey, and a crow pheasant, that anomaly with glossy black body and golden brown wings, sweeps across the path, startling us with a noisy discordant cry. A rustle at our feet, and our eyes instinctively search the undergrowth, for who knows but that in the midst of all this beauty a deadly cobra may be coiled, ready for a spring; but only a harmless little lizard runs out, the spots on its back gleaming like jewels in the sun.

Now the lane widens, and loses itself on a bare bit of uncultivated land, across which we look at a Burmese vil-

lage, a curious collection of matting walls and thatched roofs in the last stage of decay.

Half a dozen little naked children are sitting in the dust, deeply absorbed in a game which we find to be just the old familiar game of "jacks," but played with stones.

There is nothing very inviting about the village, where the gaunt dogs prowl round the hovels, picking up what food they may, and the babies roll in the dirt, so we turn to the river, and pass a group of men winnowing the chaff from the wheat by casting it out into the wind by the basketful; the refuse blows away, and so does a large portion that is good, but the pile at their feet steadily increases, and with that they are content. Here we draw aside for a moment to make way for a string of women slowly winding up the steep road from the river with water jars gracefully poised on their heads. The simple garment of one long, straight piece of cloth, is folded across back and chest, and falls to the ankle. Nothing could be better adapted to the swaying grace of their movements, and the black hair twisted in elaborate coils is a framework to many a pretty face. They are an eager, animated party, and laugh and talk freely as they eye us in passing, so that we know we are the object of their conversation, but can only nod and smile in return, as we do not understand what they say.

And then we turn away from them, and down the steep road to the bank, along the shores of the Irrawaddy river, the course of which our fingers knew on the map not so many years ago, though we never dreamed our eyes should see it. The water is very low now, and the shores are rich with crops of paddy and tobacco, and we pause a moment to watch the care with which each green tobacco leaf is picked and laid out to dry under a framework of bamboos.

So homeward, for the cool breeze is dying away, the sun is striking hot on our pith hats, and the early freshness is fast giving place to the heat and glare of the day, when with doors fast closed and punkahs swinging in the dusky rooms, we shall see the thermometer rise to 108° or more, and long for the night.

MAT.



MOWAT GATE, QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.  
(Messrs. J. Zybach & Co., photo.)

## OUR British Columbia Letter

The Indians say that the exceptionally mild weather we are having at present in British Columbia will continue all winter. They base their predictions on the movements of the forest animals, who have made no preparations for cold weather this year. This may be a satisfactory process of reasoning where the prophetic instincts of the animal creation are concerned, but we naturally ask why should the reverse be the case with poor human beings—if we make no preparations for any contingency we generally find reason to wish we had! Evidently we have still much to learn. However, this partiality of nature may be explained, the fact remains that so far the Indians have been correct in their forecast of the weather. The autumn was so late that, more particularly about Nanaimo and on the south bank of the Fraser, many of the smaller fruits bore a second crop equal in size and quality to the first. Last Christmas there was a light fall of snow on the ground, this year it is as warm as in April.

To many people who have lately come here from the Eastern provinces this is a surprise, and to them, perhaps, it hardly seems like Christmas without the winter amusements of skating and tobogganing, the sparkling drifts of snow, and the merry chime of the sleigh-bells ringing through the frosty air. In this country, where so many from all parts of the world have come to begin life anew at a distance from early ties and associations, it is only natural that some regrets for the old home should mingle with the pleasures of the Christmas-tide. But the spirit of hopefulness is in the air and all sad thoughts are quickly forgotten among the fresh and varied experiences of their daily life.

The question is often asked if we do not have a great deal of wet weather in winter on the Pacific coast. It is true that it is our rainy season, but enthusiastic British Columbians insist that it is a different variety of rain from

any other, and does not wet one to the same extent! This startling and consoling theory may be partially accounted for by the fact that it is certainly a mild, gentle sort of rain that has not apparently quite decided if it will come down or not. Sharing the fate of such hesitating *faints* it is generally ignored, and people go about their business, do their shopping, and build their houses quite regardless of the sky that is softly weeping above their heads. Seeing that her pouts are all unnoticed Dame Nature determines to smile again and then, behold! a day that makes amends for a week of cloudy weather—a day dropped from May into midwinter. The blue waters are dancing in the sunshine, the mists are rolling up the mountain sides and nestling in light feathery drifts among the purple hollows, while far above the snow-crowned peaks are dazzling in their white purity against the sky! In the gardens the light green of the laurel mingles with the shining leaves and crimson berries of the holly, great masses of English ivy are glistening with dew and banks of violets are filling the balmy air with fragrance. No wonder that gray skies are forgotten on a day like this, and there are many of them even in our rainy season.

As is usual at Christmas time many bazaars and fancy fairs have been lately held in the province. One of the most successful of these was in aid of a hospital for women and children which is to be established in Vancouver, and much credit is due to the ladies who have been devoting their time and energies to this most worthy object. The Garrick Club also gave a performance in aid of the same charity, when the three-act comedy of "Our Boys" was produced at the Imperial Opera House before a large audience. This club, consisting of some of the best known people of Vancouver, is now entering on its second year, and gives promise of attaining a high place among amateur dramatic associations. Some of its members could easily rank among professionals by their clever and finished acting. Among the plays performed last season were: "New Men and Old Acres," "A Happy Pair," "War to the Knife," "Dearest Mamma," and "The Loan of a Lover."

It is not often that a city of little more than four years old gives so much encouragement to every kind of artistic ability as Vancouver. Art, music and dramatic talent are cultivated in various clubs and associations, and the same advantages are offered to every class of citizens by the free library and the institute, where lectures and entertainments, open to all, are given every week. This appreciation of the benefits of culture is a proof of the confidence of the people in the future of their city—attention to detail implies stability and strength. When the architect, beginning his work, carves each stone, as he builds upwards, with rich devices and sculptured garlands, we conclude that the building is not intended for any temporary purpose but that its permanency will justify his labours. On the contrary, the crude western "boom town" thinks not at all of art or literature; there is no use wasting time in decorating the flimsy edifice of a day. It is piled up sky high, and who cares how—it will be a heap of ruins to-morrow.

The Provincial Legislature will meet for the dispatch of business earlier than usual this year; the Lieut.-Governor's proclamation summons the members to Victoria on the 15th of January.

There have been phenomenal floods lately on the coast of Vancouver Islands, and especially about Cowichan much damage has been done. The rivers have risen and the tides are higher than ever known before. The railway track is two feet under water, and the section foreman goes over the track in a canoe. Many bridges have been washed away, and the Indians in the flooded districts have lost a number of cattle. Almost all parts of the Island have suffered, and much valuable property has been destroyed.

The Victoria Jockey Club announce that the British Columbia Queen's Plate will be run for on or about the Queen's birthday. It will be a mile and-a-half dash, and may be competed for by horses bred in the province who have never won money. The prize is \$500 and a piece of plate, the entrance fee to be ten per cent. of the value of the purse. It is probable that this race will be made an annual event.

LENNOX,





# FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

BY BLANCHE F. MACDONELL

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

This was no longer a heedless, guileless child, the soul of a woman, ardent, seductive, passionate, flames in the sweet, blue eyes. Pierre's glance, first gently pleading, then sternly disapproving, changed to some keener emotion. He flushed with sudden mortification. He had been tolerably calm until he reached this point, now the blood began to course hotly through his veins; he found himself drifting upon wild, unknown currents, beyond the safe limits of ecclesiastical restraint, leaving far behind the calm regions of philosophy. This girl's beauty kindled an idea that glowed in his brain, and presently leaped like wildfire from conjecture to conclusion, carrying all before it, in an irresistible exhilaration.

"Diane, Diane," breaking off suddenly as if suffocated.

All the girlish fun and mischief faded, Mademoiselle de Monestrol's cheeks flamed with shame and fierce resentment. How dared Pierre look at her like that. She could have killed him as he stood.

"Halloo. Diane and—and Pierre," as he parted the branches of the thicket and stood revealed before the actors in this extraordinary scene, his own surprise quite as great as their own, Du Chêne's expression of utter consternation was so extremely comic that Diane burst into peals of ringing laughter. Giddy, as if buffeted by wind and tide, in the midst of his heat and passion, Pierre paused with a shiver that convulsed him. He was conscious of falling from a great height, a sob, suppressed yet irrestrainable, the heaving of a bosom filled to overflowing with unaccustomed emotion and misery, escaped him. All three, moved by a common instinct glanced apprehensively up at the window, where, from the heights of superior scanty, the recluse might be looking down upon the trivial worldly passions and interests of her kindred. Pierre disappeared, as the girl, laughing and panting, sank down on the grass.

Du Chêne's look of wonder smote Diane through and through; he never divined that in the midst of her fun and frolic she was shamed to the depths of her soul.

"That croquemort of a Pierre. He is never content with me, and I—I punished him," Diane defiantly explained, instinctively resenting the youth's meditative gaze. He still regarded her curiously and intently.

"Pierre—but Pierre is a saint," he hazarded. His voice had a caressing sound when he spoke to women. A smile that showed the white teeth gleaming through his dark moustache, parted his lips as he threw himself upon the grass beside her.

"And they are indeed detestable, these saints."

The audacious serenity of her reply startled the young man. He watched her with an eager, wistful scrutiny. Du Chêne was not a thoughtful man, but his perceptions were swift, his powers of observation keen. Could it be possible that Diane loved Pierre, and that this affection had rendered her cruel to the many lovers who had already sighed at her feet? It was an agitating and extraordinary supposition, but it would certainly account for many caprices that had puzzled him. With a jealous and fervid allegiance, he was loyal to the core, both to his brother and to the girl who had filled a sister's place. Pierre was vowed to an ascetic life, still that glamor which accompanies the indefinite brightness of early youth, as from certain bewitching and as yet intangible possibilities, which had enthralled his own imagination, disposed him to accept the brightest view of everything.

"And Crisasi, too," speaking without reflection,

awkwardly and anxiously. 'There were whimsical, half annoyed lines on his brow.

"Oh, the Chevalier is too absurd, doleful and not even amusing." Diane strove to speak lightly, notwithstanding the rising tremor in her throat. Why should there be any restraint in the frank, pleasant comradeship which had united them since early childhood. Du Chêne comprehended none. He was so kind, so cordial, so honestly satisfied with his own good intentions that it was difficult to hold him at a distance. A vague resolve that had been floating through his mind suddenly assumed definite proportions.

"He is a brave and gallant gentleman. Spare the Chevalier, Diane, he is a disappointed and heart-broken man."

Mademoiselle de Monestrol was suddenly aroused from the maze of soft fancy, in which all her senses had been enwrapped. The blood, in a rich, carmine flood, mantled over the delicate face, the eyes dilated, deepened and darkened until the soft blue changed to black. What was this man's disapproval to her that her heart should thrill and tremble at his words? A terrible dread, latent in her heart, ran throbbing through her veins. A sentiment which she despised, which she had fought desperately and persistently, inch by inch, had conquered, yet to hide the wound, to hold up her head smiling, and, if need be, die hiding it, was her natural instinct. Her entire being was quickened by that thrill of feeling which was at once sweetness and pain and anguish. The shame of defeat drove her frantic. At the same time there was a rash excitement in the consciousness of peril. Detection might be worse than death, yet to dare discovery, to push danger to the very verge of exposure, furnished a thrilling agitation which offered relief from pain. Raising her head as though courting rather than avoiding scrutiny, with cool audacity she met his searching gaze.

"Sainte Dame! and what is that to me," with a gesture of haughty repudiation. "Were I answerable for the disappointment of every gentleman of New France, my lot would be, indeed, a sad one."

The clear tones, with their intonation of gentle disdain, irritated Du Chêne. He could scarcely restrain a movement of impetuous, affectionate anger, and yet, true friend and tender heart, with the characteristic trust of his nature, tried to believe the best.

"Diane, you know not of what you speak. What do you comprehend of the meaning of true love? the happiness, the suffering, the trust and faith." He spoke hotly. A smile illuminated his kindled, entranced face as he looked down upon her, his glowing boyish heart shining in his eyes. Diane had no power to confront this bewildering and precious possibility. Life was suddenly raised to brilliancy and interest as with a sparkling draught of sunlit elixir.

In a little closet off Mademoiselle de Monestrol's chamber, stood a miniature altar. A fair, ivory image of Our Lady of Sorrow gleamed whitely amidst environment of gorgeous colour, a richly chased silver lamp burned dimly before it, and a tall jar of lilies was set beside the hassock and the hours. In a fervor of devotion the girl sank on her knees before it.

"Holy Virgin, bless me, make me worthy, for life is sweet and fair and good."

## CHAPTER IX.

"Heaven's true crown shows earthward as a cross."

—ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

Marriageable women were at a premium in the colony. Nanon, in her comeliness, activity and

audacity, had, since her arrival in New France, had many lovers. The two who had remained most persistently faithful to her charms, meekly enduring her tempers and caprices, were Jean and Baptiste Leroux, familiarly known as Bras de Fer.

Baptiste was an enormous man, over six feet in height. The expression of his round face was an exaggeration of simplicity. His beard was black, but the long hair he wore floating on his shoulders was a warm auburn. His eyes, nearly always half closed, gave him an appearance of stupidity, but when moved by any unusual emotion they opened widely, their keen brightness changed the whole character of his countenance. The extreme slowness of his movements imparted an air of apathetic indolence. He wore a striped blue shirt, grey trousers, with a red sash, whose fringed ends hung down on the left side, knotted around his waist. On his head was a beaver cap. His feet were protected by Indian boots, the upper part of sheepskin, drawn up over his trousers, and fastened under the knee by narrow straps of eel skin. The sleeves of his jacket were turned up at the elbows, displaying a muscular development that promised marvellous physical strength; his arms were tattooed with a variety of objects. Malicious people sometimes insinuated that the good fellow's force lay in his physical powers and not in his intellectual faculties. Nevertheless, he had once received a violent blow from an Iroquois tomahawk, which, instead of cracking his skull, as was intended, had slipped, leaving a deep gash, extending to the left eye. The eldest of nineteen children, born to a poor colonist, the youth had been obliged to make his way as best he could. When still a very young lad he had entered Le Ber's service, where he had shared the games and the escapades of Du Chêne and his cousins, the young Le Moynes, teaching the boys the secrets of woodcraft and the joys of forest life. Later Baptiste became a *coureur de bois*, wandering through the trackless forests of Canada, the English colonies and Louisiana, camping, hunting, fighting, fishing, everywhere renowned among the Indians for his unerring skill as a marksman and his extraordinary strength. When very severe laws were enacted against the voyageurs, prohibiting that lawless, delightful life of the woods to which his heart clung tenaciously, Leroux again entered the service of the Le Ber family, to whom he was devoted with the most unswerving loyalty.

Among the colonists extraordinary tales concerning Bras de Fer's adventures were told, and if some allowance must be made for the exaggeration of national pride, it must be admitted that many of these histories had a very substantial foundation of fact.

Once Baptiste and a young brother had been taken prisoners by the Iroquois on the shores of Lake Champlain. The Indians fastened their captives to two oaken stakes, planted firmly in the ground. Fancying that Pierre, who was much the stronger of the two, would endure torture the longest, they selected the brother as their first victim. A savage heated his hatchet red hot and applied it to the boy's naked breast. The sight was too much for Baptiste's patience.

"Forty thousand tribes of demons," shouted the voyageur, bending himself double, and by a supreme effort, tearing the stake out of the earth and bursting the bonds that held him. Seizing the stake he instantly struck down four Indians, one after another, and the others, in their consternation, believing that they were attacked by a species of avenging Manitou, swiftly escaped. Upon which Baptiste and his brother tranquilly wended their way home.

All Bras de Fer's brave exploits never enabled him to compete successfully with his voluble rival. Nanon accepted the homage of both in a sharp, imperious, scornful way, and Baptiste endured the most intense, helpless jealousy of Jean's fluent tongue.

"Aye," Jean declared, "it's the taste of Mademoiselle, as of all women, to coquette."

"Aye, as it is the taste of all men to be fools and heartless apes," insisted his charmer, decisively. "To run to the death after any proud turkey and never to perceive those of real worth."

Jean smoked his pipe reflectively.

"When I picture to myself the perils through which I have passed, aye, I myself, with damsels of every description to choose from, brown and blonde, fat and lean, tall and short, all awaiting but a look. One, indeed, with a barrel of bacon entirely her own, was offered me. I could also have accepted the King's gift."

Bras de Fer was taking his supper in the same room. In general the brave *voyageur* had an indomitable capacity for devouring eels in sailor guise, pigeons with cabbages, partridges stewed with onions, soup with plums, eggs served with tripe, brown bread and cheese, but the Frenchman's facility of utterance quite reduced the Canadian's appetite. Were he but master of such captivating eloquence he might long ago have won the desire of his eyes.

"Was it not the damsels who escaped? To me it is equal. Husbands and wives quarrel and spit at each other like cats and where is the gain, my heart? Brown and lean as a weasel is Mam'zelle Anne, yet even she could marry if she would."

Baptiste felt that to sit silently listening was the hardest task he had ever endured. Bras de Fer had served as guide in nine expeditions against the Five Cantons; had killed with his own hand more than sixty Iroquois; had twice been tied to the stake waiting to be burned alive; had bravely sung the death-song while the joints of two of his fingers were broken, after being smoked in an Indian pipe; had, in genuine savage fashion, mocked at his own torments, when a necklace of hatchets, heated red hot, had been suspended around his neck, causing wounds of which he still retained the scars, yet his valour failed him when he had most need of it. He could have demolished his paltry rival at a blow, yet if Nanon should turn upon him with scorn and anger, he dared not contemplate that possibility.

"Nanon." By a tremendous effort he concentrated his will and left his untasted supper with a determined effort to plead his suit or perish in the attempt. However, when he felt the sharp, bright glance of his beloved resting upon him, the giant's courage oozed away, and he sank back on his chair disconsolately.

"If you please, Bras de Fer?" Nanon inquired politely.

Baptiste shook his head with the most helpless and mournful resignation; both ideas and words had escaped him.

"Is it the week of the three Thursdays, that thou would'st make compliments? There would be no place in Paradise if thou wert there unless thou mend thy manners, my friend. Ta, ta, thine eloquence is overpowering." Nanon's brown face dimpled with coquettish smiles.

"It was constancy to thee, it was disinclination to marriage that prevented me from entering the forest, from engaging in warfare against the Iroquois, from making my fortune in the fur trade," insinuated Jean.

"Think, then, and is it truly so," with exasperating simplicity, "and I had really believed that it was thine own cowardice."

"Indeed, yes. An ox, a cow, a pair of swines, a pair of fowls, two barrels of salted meat and eleven crowns in money, has thine hard-heartedness and my constancy cost me. And during all these years have I been pursued by a nightmare, a dream of awakening some morning to find myself a husband against my will. Consider what a fate, my good Nanon, and once the ceremony is performed, no redress—when the Church binds she ties fast. And, Nanon, I have observation, me. I would tell a secret. It is the blonde English demoiselle that the Sieur Du Chêne adores, and not the most noble, the demoiselle de Monestrol."

The low-browed, ruddy, peasant face flamed into fiery wrath.

"And is it a good-for-nothing of thy species who will dare to compare my Demoiselle—the daughter of great nobles who fought and bled for the King—to any dirt of *bourgeois*. It's with such as the Comte de Frontenac—except that M. le Gouverneur has already had the ill-luck to make choice of a lady—that my Demoiselle should mate. *Bête*, cease then thy bellowing and mend thy manners, thou would'st bite the hand that nourishes thee."

In terror, Jean fled from the storm he had evoked.

"I know not whether to weep like a watering pot or to scratch somebody's eyes out. Ah! if I could but reach that wolf with my nails. It is all true. And this English girl will pay him ravishingly in his own coin, loving herself always, best and last. And my noble, proud little mistress, who smiles and is happy, seeing nothing. The neuvena I made in honor of that worthless St. Joseph, the useless image, shall no longer delude believers."

Like a whirlwind, the serving woman swept to the altar where rested St. Joseph, serenely unconscious of the enormity of his own offences and the tempest that had been brewing; it was the work of an instant to drag him from his eminence, to belabour and shake him viciously, pouring out upon him a flood of abuse as eloquent and injurious as a fertile brain and fluent tongue could devise, to rush down the garden and with all the strength of fury, to hurl him over the stone wall. Then, and then only, did Nanon pause for breath, drawing a long sigh of relief.

"Now shall my eyes, even mine, have the consolation of seeing that valueless saint in a thousand pieces."

With a bang, she threw open wide a side gate, opening from the secluded greenery of the garden into the dusty street, lying beneath the dazzling glare of the summer sunshine. The Frenchwoman stopped suddenly, the gleam of triumphant satisfaction faded from her eyes, her ruddy colour changed to gray pallor. Looking down thoughtfully at the shattered fragments of the ill-used St. Joseph stood a priest, a large, powerfully knit old man, in a narrow collar, long, rusty black coat and three-cornered hat. As she met his kindly, piercing gaze Nanon's wrath faded. She bent her head while he raised his hands with a slight gesture of benediction before he blessed her. There were few in Ville Marie but had unqualified faith in the gigantic soldier priest, Father Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

"Did'st thou imagine, my good Nanon, that the passers-by were heathen Iroquois that thou shouldst assault them by means of the holy saints."

Nanon, in the vehement excitement of the moment, had recovered her natural audacity. Her breast shook with great sobs, for a second the passion climbing in her throat could find no utterance.

"The worthless deceiving saint. Behold that kite of an Anne, stuck all over with feathers of spite and hypocrisy, her very look would turn milk sour, boasts that she receives of the saints every favour she demands. My little, noble, gentle mistress, as pure and guileless as the holy saints themselves. Of all the great and noble ladies whom God has sent into this world, to beautify this creation, to glorify His name and for the relief and happiness of their fellow creatures, none ever fulfilled the object of their Creator more fully than Mademoiselle. And if the saints fail us, what is to become of us poor, common people?"

The priest listened with silent attention to the confused, vehement recital. He was far too thoroughly versed in the intricacies of human nature not to readily comprehend the faithful serving woman's meaning. He had himself a passion for duty and discipline, a genius for command and obedience, while his whole soul loathed dastards and renegades. A good Christian, labouring manfully at his calling, he had made the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of his flock his own. In the most cordial fashion, he worked for the people, dogmatised and stormed at them, and, however strict, he never lost patience with human frailty.

"Ah! the good-for-nothing saint. A neuvena—never a word omitted, though the poor bones ached and eyes were drowsy with sleep—four candles burning perpetually before his altar and of the best, my Father, nothing did I grudge if only the little demoiselle might have her heart's desire."

Nanon yielded to a new transport of exasperation.

The Sulpician cast a keen glance from under his white eye-brows, which contrasted with the hale, sun-burned face.

"*Voyons*, my daughter. You would desire high

place and favour in this world for Mademoiselle de Monestrol?"

"Oh, but yes, my Father. It's at the Court of our Lord the King that my demoiselle should shine among the great dames and brilliant demoiselles. Ah! that is what I would have for the little one. To see all the world look up at her, to walk behind and share her glory and hear it whispered but with reverence, 'There goes Nanon, serving woman to Her Grace Madame la Duchesse de —.'"

A smile of inexpressible humour curved De Casson's firm lips.

"Yet thou would'st grudge her high place in the Heavenly Kingdom. My brave and loyal Nanon, thou would'st generously sacrifice much to win happiness for thy mistress. I, also, would that it were God's will that the demoiselle might travel His way by a bright and sunny road, but if there is no smoother path to Heaven then bless her in taking that which is offered to her, my daughter. Thy loyal affection, good Nanon, is not so wise and far-seeing as that of thy Master; thine would deprive her of the crown and grace of suffering. His will uphold her amidst the fiery ordeal of tribulation. See to it, Nanon. Yield the little one up to the care of Him who is over all."

The clear, sonorous tones had a sort of inspiring ring about them; the composed, commanding benevolent countenance was illuminated by a cheering light of faith and courage. Nanon hung her head and wiped her eyes upon her long apron.

"It's all true, M. le Supérieur, but faith of Nanon Benest, the heavenly glory is too fine, too far off for such as I. I would rather the other, me, that I could touch with the hands and talk about and let all the world see. Let Mam'zelle Anne, who is ugly as a spider and cross as an enraged sheep, keep the first, I grudge it not. If M. le Supérieur will but give himself the trouble to consider, he will doubtless perceive that no one thinks of the little one's interest but her own poor servant, Nanon. Madame made the sacrifice of all when she left her own country. The Sieur Le Ber adores Mademoiselle and plans to ennoble his own family, and now this cuckoo, in her own nest, picks the feathers from her."

"Thou would undertake to play the rôle of Providence. *Va*, faithless one, it's well the good God should take the little one's destiny out of thy rash and reckless hands. What signifies the mode to him who goes to glory? the shorter cut from the battle-field or a little longer through a world of trouble. Thy loyalty and affection will be to thee a crown, but thy pride will prove a thorn to prick thee to the heart, my poor girl."

"Not that the most noble the Demoiselle de Monestrol could ever condescend to wed with the son of the bourgeois, Le Ber." Nanon hastened to qualify her rash admissions and vindicate her feminine right of having the last word. "But of right he should kneel humbly at her feet, thankful for a glance or a gracious word."

#### CHAPTER X.

"Le bonheur a toujours une forme fragile,  
Le malheur et de fer, la joie est de roseau."

—ANNAIS SÉGALAS.

The Comte de Frontenac entertained many of the dignities of the colony at one of those late suppers which had been so severely denounced by the clerical authorities.

The service of the table was arranged with elaborate magnificence. The lights flashed on gold plate and brilliant crystal. The banquet consisted of four courses. First chicken soup was served, this was followed by two legs of mutton, garnished with chops, and two large pies of choice venison, whose pale, gold-coloured crust was raised in fanciful shapes. Between the roasts were three dishes of plover, woodcock and partridges roasted on the spit, strings of larks served by the half dozen on little splinters of wood, upon which they had been cooked. The third course consisted of entrées, salads, either salted or sweetened, perfumed omelettes, blanc-manges, burnt creams, fritters and fruit pies. The fourth was dessert. Fruits piled in pyramids, cakes, macaroons, *march-pains* (a kind of cake) and preserves, the whole accompanied by the fashionable French wines of the day.

(To be continued.)





ST. PETER'S HOME FOR INCUREABLES, HAMILTON.



The voters of Toronto need have their considering caps well on to-day, since they not only choose their mayor and aldermen for the year, but also decide whether Ald. McDougall's scheme for the division of the city into seven districts instead of two wards, and the election of representatives for two years, shall be adopted. Ladies on the school boards will be placed squarely before voters by the names of candidates being submitted to them; also, a gathering of ladies and gentleman dealt with this question a few days since, and nominated several ladies, Mrs. Jacob Spence, Dr. Emily R. Stowe, Mrs. R. Macdonell and others, as school trustees. At a subsequent meeting, Mrs. John A. Scales, Miss Carty and Miss Wilkes were nominated for the High School Board. Miss Carty has served on this Board for two or three years, and has the confidence of the parents. All the ladies mentioned are prominent in city affairs, and will no doubt be elected. Seventeen of the Aldermen have signified their approval of women on the school boards, and several of the candidates have made this matter a plank in their platform.

Much of the prejudice that formerly existed against women in public affairs is disappearing in this province before the wave of intelligent thought and fair consideration of the subject that has swept through it on the tide of the Women Suffrage Question. As "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," so the proof of women's value in public councils has been shewn by its results whenever women have had an opportunity of being heard.

Not only may they act, and sing, and dance acceptably in public, but at length they may also speak, and are sure to have an attentive audience, and not the mere poverty of the thing.

The Rev. Anna Shaw, whose portrait I hope to send you, together with a short sketch of her life, is a lady who always draws a crowded house, whether it be to preach on the Lord's Day, for she is a Methodist minister, regularly ordained, or to speak on her favorite topic, "the right of woman to the right of her citizenship," namely, the right to vote. Miss Shaw lectures in Toronto, both at Association Hall and the auditorium, next week. She then proceeds to Hamilton and Woodstock. At the latter city is a strong society of the Women's Enfranchisement Association of Canada as can be found outside of Toronto.

A highly interesting occasion brought a young lady on to the platform at Grafton, Co. Northumberland, on the 3rd January, when the *Empire* flag, won by a boy, Herman Rogers, was raised upon the Public School. The lady was Miss Greely, whom the chairman on the occasion introduced to the audience as his teacher in that school forty-three years ago. At the age of eighty-five Miss Greely addressed the children and audience assembled in a long and ardently patriotic speech, filled with reminiscences not only of pioneer life, its difficulties, hardships, freedom and health, but of the sound of the guns at the battle of Queenston Heights and the death of General Brock.

There is a splendid ring about the whole of this lady's speech, which is fully reported in the *Empire* of Jan. 5, and her peroration is worthy of our Legislative Houses. "There is not a boy or girl that lives under the shadow of the British flag and attends this school, or any other, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge which will fit him to do his duty to God and his fellow-creatures, but has the right to place his name as a Briton beside that of Alfred the Great and Roger Bacon, Wycliffe and Cranmer, Sir Philip Sydney and Sir Isaac Newton, Shakespeare, Addison and thousands of others whose names shine bright in English history; and every girl, no matter how lowly her station or humble her abilities, if she faithfully perform her duty in that station where Providence has placed her, is worthy of being a countrywoman of Queen Victoria, whose highest praise is that she faithfully tries to perform

her duty in that station God has given her to occupy, and may feel that she is performing her part towards the prosperity of the empire equally with the most learned or accomplished individual who dwells under the British flag." Truly happy were the pupils of such a teacher, and happy the country they have lived for.

Your readers will like to know that the prize story, written by Miss Alice Jones, Halifax, N.S., appears in the issue of *The Week*, Jan. 2. But I am disappointed in finding that it deals very little indeed with Canadian surroundings or conditions, a requirement that was made a point of by *The Week* in announcing its regulations. However, the story is well told, though the plot is rather far-fetched.

I am glad to know that Mrs. Edgar's book, of which I spoke last week, is selling well, and is spoken of as throwing additional light on some points in Canadian history not always accepted; among such is the conduct of General Proctor in the war of 1812, which has lately been handled in the correspondence column of *The Mail*.

The pupils of highest room, that of the head master, Mr. Muir, in Gladstone Avenue Public School, are entering upon a competition for certain prizes offered them by a lady of this city for the four best essays upon the separation of Canada into provinces, the causes that led thereto, and the early settlement of the upper province.

There is a spirit of ardent patriotism in this school that is very pleasant to realize. The head master, though a Scotchman by birth, has taken the land of his adoption into an equally patriotic embrace with the land of his birth, as he shows on all proper occasions, and proves by the loyal and patriotic songs he has written, one of which, "The Maple Leaf Forever," bids fair to be, if not the national anthem, at least the national song of Canada.

I was disappointed in not being able to visit the exhibit of paintings by L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., at Matthews' Bros., during Christmas week, but sickness holds on like a chain

of adamant. From the catalogue which I received, I perceive that I have seen a number of the paintings in sketch; the Clovelly ones in particular abide in my memory. Clovelly, a little fishing village among the cliffs of North Devon, reminds one of Quebec, with its high pitched roofs, its streets that consist of stairs, its fishing boats, and far water vistas. Sixteen of the forty pictures on view are English, mostly on the Devon and Cornwall coasts, the remainder being Canadian, from very varying points, from the "Grand Falls of the St. John, N.B.," to "On the Cariboo Road, B.C."

Have we not a noble stretch of country to live for?

\* \* \*

Quite a new departure was taken by Rev. Rural Dean Wade of Woodstock, in inviting Rev. Dr. McMullen, Presbyterian Divine, who was present at the Christmas service in Old St. Paul's, to address the congregation assembled.

Dr. McMullen preached from the reading desk a most eloquent sermon on "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and His name shall be called Wonderful," prefacing it with some valuable remarks on Christian unity.

Whether any of the Synods will express themselves on this matter remains to be seen, but all true disciples of the Christ who prayed "that they all may be one in Me," must rejoice to see leaders in Christian faith and practice setting so good an example.

\* \* \*

The objection, not lightly made, to interchange of pulpits between our churches, that each church has its distinct point or doctrinal difference, and that the opportunity of exchange may be abused to enunciate that point by the exchanging preacher, is worth taking into consideration, but if the heads of churches let it be understood by their followers that such action would be regarded by them as distinct breaches of Christian ethics and etiquette, and would be reprimanded accordingly, there would be little danger of so unwished for an accident.

\* \* \*

A very interesting discussion was held at the meeting of the Science Masters' Association last week on the best method of teaching botany in high schools. Mr. J. J. Mackenzie, B.A., Toronto University, read an able paper on "The Recent Discussion in the British Association on the Teaching of Botany." Prof. Ward was cited as considering the fern the best object for study owing to its position in the scale of plants, but Mr. Mackenzie thought the begonia preferable, and the wheat seedling for observing structure. Mr. Spotton, head master of Barrie High School, and a cultivated botanist, argued with Mr. Mackenzie very largely. Mr. Spotton has published a very valuable handbook of Canadian Botany, which is alike valuable to the school pupil and the botanical student. It is used in our public schools.

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I have just received copies of two important papers issued in our North-West, viz., *The Western World*, illustrated, (Winnipeg and Vancouver) and *The Lethbridge News*, "published," as the title-page informs readers, "on the occasion of the opening of the Great Falls and Canada Railway, giving us," says the opening paragraph, "as it does, connection by rail with the richest state in the American Union," the State of Montana.

As might be expected, the *Lethbridge News* issued on such an "occasion" is devoted to a history of the development of the town of Lethbridge from a little bit of a place called "Coal Banks, because its present *raison d'être* and chief industry, coal, was just gathered from the surface or pitched out from the face of the rock by any or everybody who chose. The *News* gives portraits of the Citizens' Committee appointed to deal with the event of the opening of the railway, and as these gentlemen are in reality the mayor and aldermen, Board of Works, of Finance, and everything else of the thriving little town now asking for incorporation, their names are not out of place here. They are C. A., better known as "Charlie" Magrath, who, it is confidently expected, will have the honour of being the next mayor of Lethbridge, when incorporation becomes a fact; C. F. P. Conybeare, whose brother is an M.P. of the English Parliament; J. D. Higinbotham; J. H. Cavanah; W. A. Galliher, and F. H. Godwin; all young men of position, education and experience gained in the North-West, and of a type of "good men and true," full of enterprise and public spirit that promise everything for the new

town. There is also a very instructive chapter on the "Coal Industry" of the place, fully illustrated, some of the scenes looking very familiar to one who, like myself, has lived in a coal field in the old country. Works, shafts, 'up-and-down,' engine rooms, inclined railways, 'pit horses,'—I see by one of the illustrations that these are mostly mules—and men, in clothing and almost out of it, when 'engaged' in getting the coal, and I am happy to say, on the authority of 'one who has been there,' these men are moral, respectable fellows, industrious, intelligent, like the 'colliers' I became familiar with in Durham, and hailing from that county of England—itsself rolling like a bit of prairie—and from Pennsylvania, Nova Scotia and other points where that blessed gift of nature to shivering humanity, coal, is being, or has been, 'worked.'

I dare not use all the space it deserves in noticing the *Western World*, with its handful of wheat tied with a scroll inscribed N. W. Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Alberta—in which last province Lethbridge is situated—and British Columbia as a title page. But I must say how lovely several of the views given are. Rivers, with rocks, wooded hills, such as we call mountains; lakes fringed with trees and studded with islands; and falls, ah! *The Falls of the Old Man*, Southern Alberta, is a picture that if put on canvass by Bell Smith would be worth thousands. And Waterton, or the Kootenay Lakes, Southern Alberta, would lift O'Brien's reputation for glacier painting beyond price.

\* \* \*

Speaking of pictures reminds me that Mr. Manly the painter of one of the loveliest bits in the Academy Exhibition of '89, "The Sparkling Tarne, Devon, Eng.," is at home again, and has brought with him a very full portfolio of sketches and water colours. A bit of Dartmoor on a rainy day, was painted 'on the spot,' a rain-drop showing on the *carte*. How the artist managed to do so beautiful a bit of water-colour under a pouring rain and upon his knees, as he had to do, because the legs of his easel had become so swollen with the rain that they could not 'extend,' is known only to himself. On another rainy day he had not such luck; he tells how he had just finished a scene containing a bit of brawling river, then very full, when one of the sudden high winds common to Dartmoor arose, and before he could help himself, swept his sketch clean into the river, like 'Helen's glove,' and was quickly carried far down stream beyond hope of recovery. Mr. Manly has opened his studio in the splendid new buildings of The Canada Life offices, on King street.

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The York Pioneers, at their last meeting, protested strongly about the aldermanic trifling so common to our city, that at request of an interested party, changed the name of the pretty sheet of water just within the southern limits of High Park, from Grenadier Pond, by which name it has been known ever since the accidental drowning of a party of the grenadiers who, during the war of 1812, were upset in trying to cross it and got swamped in the mud, to Howard Lake. This name is intended to commemorate Mr. Howard, a truly public spirited citizen, who died lately at a great age, over ninety, I think, and had lived at the Park the greater part of his life, keeping it in excellent condition, as, alas, it is kept no longer, in its *wild* beauty, and at last securing to the city as a pleasure ground, by selling it for a yearly consideration in the shape of an annuity, which he only received five or six years, himself acting as chief ranger. The Pioneers think, with good reason, that the earlier historic name should be preserved. The same tinkering has deprived our city of many historic records, that were well preserved in our street nomenclature, and are now lost, except in such works as Scadding's *Toronto of Old*, at present 'caviare to the multitude,' despite public library provision.

\* \* \*

The visit of Samuel Plimsoll to Toronto has been the occasion of a worthy recognition of that gentleman's philanthropic efforts on behalf of seamen. A lunch, semi-private, a good deal of sight-seeing, and a handsome banquet by the Board of Trade, have made Mr. Plimsoll as free of the city as if he had received the necessary documents in a golden casket and been stopped at a gate in walls, we happily have never felt the need of, to receive permission from the marshal or other high functionary to enter. Canada honours herself when she honours such men as Plimsoll.

Stanley has been with us again, and his lecture consisted in part of a vindication of his course in the matter of the rear column.

What I read of his having said in this connection elsewhere, made me more in love with Stanley as a high-souled, because humble-minded, man than anything he has done. It was to the effect that if he had not borne himself as perfectly as his critics insisted he should have done, and had not brought home quite as many valuable scientific results as they expected him to do, he would ask them to remember that he was only a plain man, brought up to public life through the press; had received no scientific training, nor ever expected to become an explorer; that the trials of temper, disposition, acumen and vigour were as new and unexpected to himself as they might be to his critics, and the lessons he had learned had to be got through the bitter experiences of the difficult task, perhaps, as they said, but ill performed, yet performed, as he would again aver, to the best of his ability. 'Put yourself in his place,' would probably soften criticism.

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Our W. C. T. U. friends throughout the world will be glad to learn that Mrs. Youmans has returned from Battle Creek, Mich., not restored, but in sufficient health to see callers.

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I hear that though the result of the W. C. T. U. entertainment, 'The Meeting of the Nations,' did not realize as large a sum as its promoters expected, and as it no doubt would have done had it been possible to have kept it open longer, yet a handsome contribution to headquarter fund is the result. If, however, the projected building is to be what it ought, generous donors will yet have to come forward.

Many friends of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED would like to see portraits therein of people Canada may be proud of, and in Ontario, I think, we should like to make the acquaintance of Hébert, whom I see cited in the Quebec news as the Canadian sculptor. But we have sculptors equally Canadian in Ontario. Nevertheless it is well we should know our artists better than by name only.

\* \* \*

No where will Emma Abbott be more regretted than in this city, where many of her triumphs were won. When poor Litta died there was general regret, and a good many albums still preserve the portrait of the modest, pretty artist. We have a warm heart in Toronto for those who amuse us, particularly when goodness is allied with genius. *Requiescat in pace, Emma.*

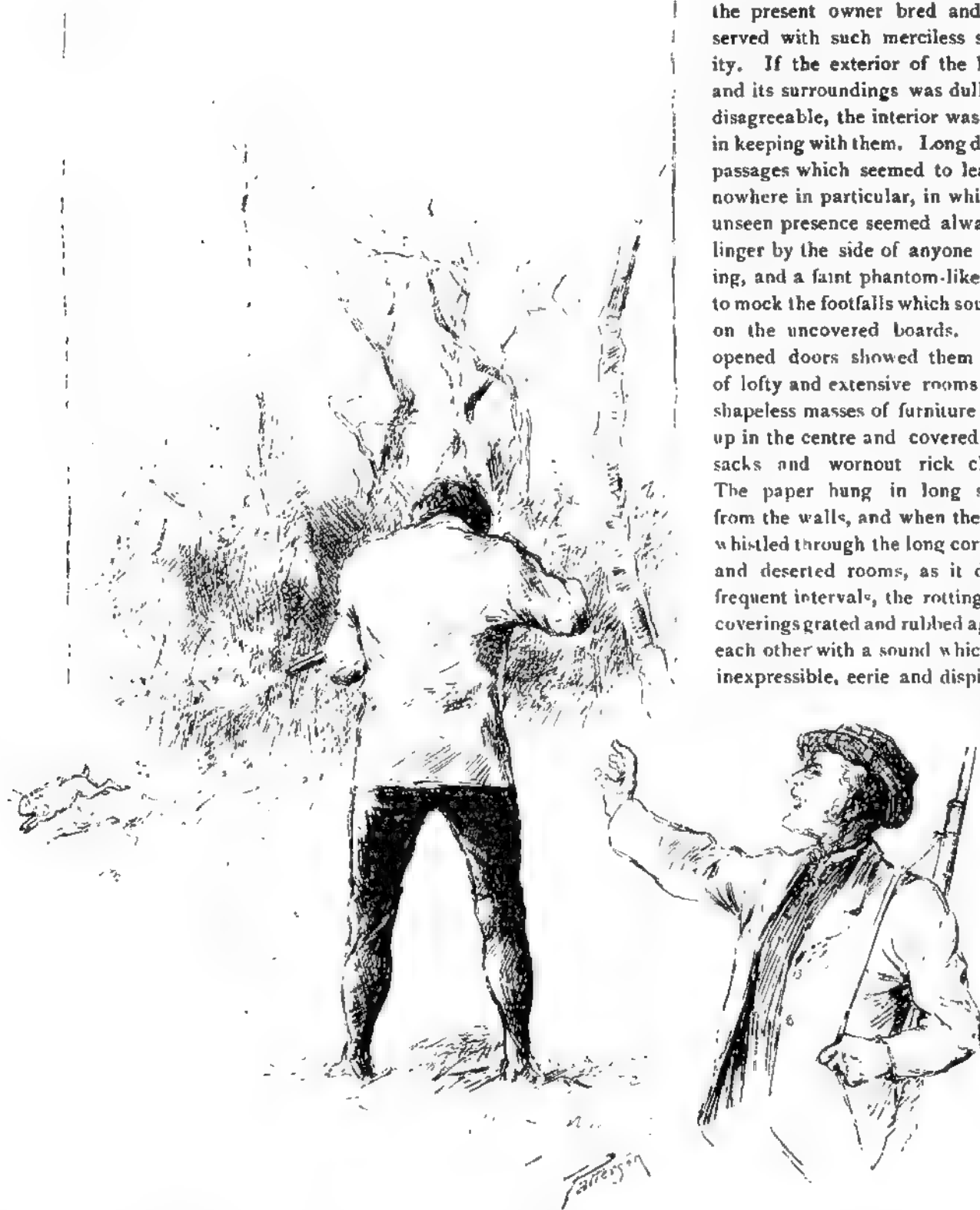
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Pantomimes being no longer the Christmas attraction at our theatres, spectacular pieces take their place, not, perhaps, a bad thing, when the necessary care cannot be taken of the little ones, fairies, angels and what not. The Grand Opera has "The Bottom of the Sea" next week, and startling revelations of those hidden depths are promised. But in no particular is truth stranger than fiction than in submarine revelations; even Jules Verne's pen cannot overdo actual facts revealed to us by the researches of science.

\* \* \*

The opening chapter of Mrs. Edgar's book, "Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805-15," introduces us to "A Hundred Years Ago," and in a few well written paragraphs puts before us the American revolution, with its approximate cause, the 'odious tea duty,' and also introduces us to Canada at a period when Detroit was an English garrison. Niagara was called Newark, and Toronto, York. "The Captivity of Mr. Thomas Ridout" is by no means the most important part of the book; on the contrary, it forms a reliable source of information for the historian, of the period it covers, and that part dealing with the war of 1812 is as graphic and graceful a piece of writing as has emanated from any pen. The volume contains 390 pages, is divided into 24 chapters, and has an appendix containing a portrait of Hon. Thos. Ridout, whose captivity for four months among the Shawnee Indians follows. Also a map (1788) showing route of capture; a fac-simile letter of George Washington, &c., &c., all valuable material. The publisher is William Briggs, Toronto; price, \$2.00.





## SHOT IN THE BACK,

By SIR GILBERT E. CAMPBELL, BART.,

Fenshire is by no means a picturesque county, and the portion of it in which Bradeley Grange was situated was even more hideous than other parts, which was certainly by no means celebrated for their beauty. The Grange was situated on a slightly elevated plateau, some three or four miles in circumference, and was built in the hideously debased style of architecture which came into vogue with the Fourth George. An ugly square house, with a tasteless Italian façade, the plaster of which had peeled off in many places, showing the rough brickwork behind, whilst the coating of stucco, which at some forgotten period must have been white, was now disfigured with green patches of damp, and huge unsightly stains of a dullish red colour, as though some gigantic reptile, which had received a death-wound, had crept over the walls in vain efforts to find some place of security. Nearly all the windows were boarded up, and the doors which afforded entrance from the outside were cracked and blistered, as if paint was a rare commodity, and only procurable by the most lavish expenditure. Bradeley Grange stood in the centre of an enclosure which had once, perhaps, been called a park, but which was now utterly unworthy of such a name. The ground was covered with coarse, rank grass, at which cattle sniffed and snorted disdainfully, whilst here and there were shallow pools of water, utterly devoid of fish, but the haunt of innumerable frogs, newts, efts and other unpleasant-looking amphibious creatures. All about the park were stumps of trees, showing that at one time the place had been thickly timbered, and had doubtless presented a very different aspect before it had been so completely denuded of its sylvan ornaments. Some half a mile in rear

Altogether the house and park seemed to have been entirely given over to the hand of neglect, and formed a curious contrast to the home farm and the fruit and vegetable gardens which it was evident were once carefully tended. Bradeley Grange had not always been like it was at present. At one time the gravel in front of the house had borne many indentations from the feet of the horses of coming and departing friends, the now deserted rooms had echoed to the sounds of music and revelry, whilst the long array of bedchambers on the upper floor had seldom been without the proper allowance of guests. This was shortly after the present owner had come into the inheritance, but a few brief years had brought a complete change. Lawrence Bradeley, at twenty-four full of buoyant hopes and and gay spirits, was a very different creature from the tyrannical old despot who held the reins of power at the Grange. He had married into a county family, as wealthy and ancient as his own, and when his young wife died in giving birth to a son, the husband's grief was for a time entirely beyond the power of control. At the beginning of his sorrow he took no dislike to the innocent cause of his loss; indeed, he could hardly bear him out of his sight. He shut up the Grange, saw but little company, and was never seen at the meet or at the rural sports patronized by his equals in the county. At nine years of age the lad, Leonard Bradeley, was sent to the rector of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne, for educational purposes, and there it was that the squire's downward career commenced. He became griping and penurious, was a harsh master to both servants and tenants, and appeared to live for no other purpose than making money. The timber was felled

of the house, however, were several plantations, the homes of the extensive stock of pheasants, which the present owner bred and preserved with such merciless severity. If the exterior of the house and its surroundings was dull and disagreeable, the interior was fully in keeping with them. Long dreary passages which seemed to lead to nowhere in particular, in which an unseen presence seemed always to linger by the side of anyone pausing, and a faint phantom-like echo to mock the footfalls which sounded on the uncovered boards. Half-opened doors showed them rows of lofty and extensive rooms with shapeless masses of furniture piled up in the centre and covered with sacks and worn-out rick cloths. The paper hung in long sheets from the walls, and when the wind whistled through the long corridors and deserted rooms, as it did at frequent intervals, the rotting wall coverings grated and rubbed against each other with a sound which was inexpressible, eerie and dispiriting

and carted away, every bit of produce was sent up to London, whilst, and this his neighbours could not forgive, his game, though carefully preserved, was sold to a wholesale poulterer who contracted for it. Not that the squire led an entirely solitary life, for at times he would break out into outbursts of dissipation, and, perhaps, for a week or more, drink hard in company with some pot-house toadies, who formed the court of which he was a little king. These bouts of hard living were, however followed by months of the severest economy, and it was during one of these that he withdrew his son from the public school, at which, at Mr. Chamberlayne's suggestion, he had placed him, and bringing him back to the Grange, informed him that his time for idling had gone by, and that he must expect now to work for his living.

To Leonard Bradeley the change was a terrible one, and the mean and sordid surroundings almost more than he could bear. He was a bright, handsome lad of eighteen years of age when he was torn away from the society of his equals, and doomed to mix either with farm servants or the disreputable crew which at certain times was admitted to his father's table. He had a great taste for reading, but if he now attempted to take a book in his hand, it brought down upon his head a storm of vituperation and insult from his father, with a string of sarcastic remarks about fine gentlemen who wanted their bread and butter for nothing. He loathed and disliked the farm-work upon which he was employed, but in time a feeling of despair crept over him as he performed his task with the regularity of a machine. In spite, however, of his taste for literature he was fond of field sports, a good rider and a sure shot, and as this last accomplishment was of great service in killing the game for the London market he was, during the shooting season, to a great extent, relieved from the drudgery of farm-work.

Five years had passed since Leonard Bradeley's return from school, and he had grown up into a tall, handsome young man, but with a shadow of inexpressible sadness pervading his features. He had picked up none of the habits or the expressions of those who were his everyday associates, and the gentry of the county, though they had unjustly included the lad in the sentence of ostracism poured upon the father, could not help casting glances of pity upon him as they met him returning wearily from his daily toil, or, gun in hand, going forth on his errand of butchery to some distant covert.

It was a bright cheerful day towards the close of October, and Leonard was leaning against the door-posts, enjoying the genial rays of the sun, when he heard the harsh voice of his father shouting, "Leonard, Leonard," from the interior of the house. The young man shrugged his shoulders, and seemed at first disinclined to obey the summons, but obedience had so grown upon him that after an instant's reflection he turned round and walked down the gloomy passage which led to his father's peculiar sanctum. This was a small chamber, adjoining the servants' offices, and which had formerly been the butler's pantry, as was evident by the shelves and cupboards which the squire found handy for his account books, samples, etc. Half-a-dozen guns were placed in a rack over the mantelpiece, a rough kitchen table stood in the centre of the uncarpeted floor, half-a-dozen Windsor chairs were placed here and there, and a barrel of small beer, with a battered pewter measure standing upon it, completed the furniture of this desirable living-room. The one window had not had its glass cleaned for months, and the air was faint with the reek of stale tobacco.

The squire was seated upon the edge of the table swinging his feet backwards and forwards; there was a deep scowl upon his brow, and the instant his son entered the room he addressed him in his usual coarse and bullying manner.

"So, Mr. fine gentleman," said he, "I heard a nice account of you last night; now I want to know whether it's truth or lies; where were you?"

"I had finished all the work I had to do," replied his son, "and I thought I might take a walk."

"And where did you go to?" demanded the squire as the young man paused.

"I went to Orpminster," answered Leonard.

"Curse you," roared his father. "Am I to get a cork-screw to drag the words out of you. What were you doing in Orpminster. Now, now, it wasn't market day. Come, make a clean breast of it, or it will be the worse for you."

"I went up to the cavalry barracks," answered the young man boldly, "and asked one of the troop sergeant-majors a few questions about enlistment. Anything would be preferable to the dog's life I lead here."

For an instant the squire was almost speechless with rage, but at length his anger found vent.

"And do you mean to say you have thought of enlisting, without even condescending to ask me?" stammered he at length.

"I have not only thought of it, but am still going to," replied Leonard. "You are always grumbling about the expense I am to you, and besides I am over age and can do what I like to earn an honest livelihood."

Had this been the only grievance which the squire had against his son, it may be that the young man's bold demeanour might have claimed the day; unfortunately, however, there was something more in the background.

"And where did you go to after your conversation with the red-coated butcher?" demanded he.

Leonard gazed steadily at his father, but made no reply.

"I can tell you," roared the squire. "You went to old Chamberlayne, the lying thief who said that I was an unnatural father because I kept you here to work honestly, and did not send you off to college to fool away more money in a month than I spend in a year. That's where you went, isn't it?"

Still Leonard remained silent, and after a short pause his father continued:

"And I'll tell you why you went to the villain's house; it was to dangle after that fine stuck-up minx of a daughter of his, Ella Chamberlayne. Do you think I haven't enough to do to keep two paupers, but am going to let you bring another one here; not I, my lad; your old father is not such a fool as that by a long way."

Still not a word from Leonard, though the colour which rose to his cheeks and forehead showed that the last shaft had penetrated his armour of impenetrability which he had donned for the encounter.

"A rare young fool you must be," sneered the squire, enraged by the young man's silence, "to go running after a girl who has flirted with every officer in the barracks, and has only picked up with a boy like you because better men have flung her over."

"Stop!" exclaimed Leonard, in a voice so utterly passionate that his father hardly recognized it. "Stop! I do not permit any one to speak disrespectfully of Miss Chamberlayne in my presence."

"You do not permit," sneered the squire. "A mighty fine fellow you have become all of a sudden. What do you intend to do, eh?"

"As you are unhappily my father," retorted Leonard, "I have no alternative except to quit your presence, but I tell you I wish to heaven the relationship to cease between us, for then—oh then—"

"Don't let that stand in your way, you swaggering young fire-eater," exclaimed the squire, placing himself so as to prevent his son's leaving the room. "I am able to take care of myself, and I tell you again, your Ella Chamberlayne is a—"

Before the abusive epithet could cross his lips, Leonard had grasped him by the collar and sent him whirling across the room until he was brought up by the opposite wall, and then turning round, he boldly faced the infuriated man with his flashing eyes and heaving chest, which showed how deeply he resented the insult offered to the woman upon whom he had set his affections.

With an absolute howl of rage the squire sprang at his son; he had a heavy dog-whip in his hand, scarcely knowing what he did, he lashed the young man sharply across the face, a livid scar rising at once where the stroke had fallen. Before he could realize what had taken place, Leonard seized him with a grip of iron, pinioned him with one hand, and with the other tearing the whip from his hand, tore it to pieces, and sent the fragments into the scanty fire upon the hearth, then with a look of dignified reproach he left the room, and resumed his old position on the doorstep. He had hardly done so, when Sam Baxter, the keeper, came up, and touching his hat, asked if the squire was going to shoot the hares to-day.

"He is in his room," answered Leonard, laconically.

So unaccustomed was the keeper to receive a curt answer from his young master, that he gazed upon him with some surprise, and for the first time caught a glimpse of the mark upon his face.

"My word, Master Leonard," said he. "What is the matter with your face, it is all broken like?"

"My father struck me," replied Leonard, coldly, "but it is the last time, he shall never raise his hand to me again. I have a way to stop that, once and for ever."

The keeper would have questioned him further, but with a motion of his hand Leonard desired him to enter the house and leave him alone. For fully a quarter-of-an-hour he was left to his own dreary meditations, when he was aroused by a squeaky voice at his elbow, and looking downwards saw a ragged looking urchin of about fourteen years of age standing beside him.

Ned Tupper was a well-known character about the farm, and usually acted as the squire's aid-de-camp, conveying messages from one part of the estate to the other. His parents had been farm labourers on the property. His father was killed by a reaping machine, and when Squire Bradeley found that the widow could not pay her rent, he evicted her on a cold winter's night, and she died of exposure and hunger in the attempt to reach some friends she had on the other side of Orpminster. Whether the squire felt that he was indirectly the cause of her death was never known for a certainty, but he took possession of the orphan lad, and gave him the run of the kitchen until he was of an age to work, when he was at once set to bird scaring and other simple labours.

The squire was always brutal to him, but the lad, who by many was not supposed to be in his right mind, followed him about with a dog-like fidelity, heedless of the kicks and blows which his presence by his master's side inevitably brought down upon him.

"Do you want me, Ned?" demanded Leonard.

"Yes," returned the boy. "Squire says as how he be agoing to shoot the home coverts, as the man up in Lunnon have sent down a big order for pheasants, and you've to look sharp."

"Very well," answered the young man, listlessly, but making no attempt to go and prepare for the day's work. "Very well, Ned, that will do."

"Better look sharp, Master Leonard," paused the urchin. "Squire be in a rare taking he be, look what he gave I for not understanding what he wanted right off," and pulling off his battered felt hat, the lad showed that his tangled hair was saturated with blood, which was flowing from a freshly inflicted cut on the top of his head. "Banged me over the nut he did with his stick," said the boy.

"I wonder you stand it, Ned," remarked Leonard, looking compassionately at the tattered figure before him. "I won't, and I am going to make an end of it to-day."

"Why, Lor' bless your 'art, Master Leonard, everybody says as how the squire be my benefactor, and that if he did kill mother by a turning her out in the snow, he tuk charge o' me an'll make a man o' me yet."

Leonard gazed for a moment at the tattered demalion before him, and then with a deep sigh turned away to make preparations for the morning's slaughter, which he could not look upon in the guise of sport. As he did so his father, followed by the keeper, came out of the house.

"Well, Leonard, boy," said the former, attempting to convert his harsh, forbidding physiognomy with a smiling face. "Let bygones be bygones. If I did clout you over the face, you give me a rare hit first, there's more pluck in you lad than I had thought. Come shake hands and be friends. You know I was a bit on the booze the past week, and the cross drop is always the last one that remains."

Leonard's face grew livid, and he made no effort to grasp the hand which his father extended towards him.

"I will never forgive you, either the insult to Miss Chamberlayne or the blow," said he, between his clenched teeth. "And to-day I will take such measures as will put it out of your power to strike me again, either with your tongue or your whip." And with these words he turned into the house to prepare for the expedition against the pheasants.

"The lad's turned vicious, eh, Sam," remarked the squire, with a short uneasy laugh. "Ah, he'll get over it in a day or two, but I ain't going to have him bringing Parson Chamberlayne's girl to roost here, not if I know it. You wait for his lordship here, and I'll get forward. My old bones ache to-day, so I'll go the other end and fur and feather as it comes out. I'm good enough for that yet. So you and the young master go through the covert along with the beaters, and mind we must have a big haul to-day, for we've a heavy order to make up. Ned, Ned Tupper you

young thief, come and bring my gun. Confound the young varment, he is never to be found when he's wanted, I'll cut his liver out when I catch him," and with these words of good omen for Master Tupper, the squire strode away in the direction of the home preserves.

After a short interval Leonard made his appearance properly equipped, and accompanied Sam Baxter to the spot where the beaters were assembled, and after a few brief words of command the preserve was entered and the butchery began.

Squire Bradeley had not uttered a vain boast when he said that he would stop anything that came out of the tangled mass of underwood. Standing about ten yards from a deep ditch, which ran round the covert, he brought down everything which came in range, and the ground near was soon covered with the victories of his well trained hand and eye. As the approach of the beaters and the shots in cover came near, he approached close to the end of the ditch, and turning his back to the copse, kept a keen watch right and left. Just then two cock pheasants came rocketing over his head, and the squire, making a magnificent right and left shot, brought them both to the ground. One, however, was not so hard hit as the other, and began slowly and painfully to flutter away in the direction of a small brook, which ran at right-angles to the plantation. The squire, who had now reloaded his gun, noticed this, and, laying his fowling piece upon the edge of the ditch, hastened after the winged bird. He had hardly gone ten yards, however, than a sound like a double shot was heard, and with a deep groan Squire Bradeley fell forward upon his face and lay motionless upon the turf, which soon began to be crimsoned with his blood.

There had been warm work in the covert previous to this, and Leonard and Sam Baxter had had no time for conversation. The cries of the beaters, the rattling of their sticks, the whining of the pheasants as they rose, and the report of the breech-loaders, formed a chaos of sounds which would have bewildered any but an experienced hand.

The line of beaters had now nearly reached the end of the covert, and Sam Baxter, taking the opportunity of a momentary lull, edged his way towards the young master, and said:

"I say, Master Leonard, if I were you I'd make it up with the squire. I never saw him so meek and mild afore. Now that you have shown him that you have a spark of the devil in you, depend on it, he won't tread you down as he has done."

"I will never make it up with him," cried Leonard fiercely, "and I tell you, Baxter, that to-day will see the end of this tyranny."

As he finished this ambiguous sentence, a hare started from a hillock of grass, and made its way towards the end of the covert. Leonard pointed his gun at it.

"Stop, for Heavens sake, cried the keeper. "Your father is just at the other side of the hedge."

The caution came too late, for the report rang out, but the hare bounded away unscathed. It was the first shot Leonard Bradeley had missed that day.

The little party soon emerged from the plantation, and the first object which met their eyes was the body of the master of Brayley Grange, stretched prone upon the ground. Every care was at once bestowed upon him, but it was only too evident that life was extinct, and Sam Baxter, though he said nothing, could not forbear casting a meaning glance upon his young master.

Leonard Bradeley's face, however, was impassible; he said little, but the orders he gave were clear and concise. A neighbouring gate was taken off its hinges, a few coats laid on it, and upon this the dead body was placed, and the sad procession took its way back to the Grange. The affair was a very puzzling one; the dead man had been shot in the back of the spine, and death must have been instantaneous. From the position of the wound it was impossible that it could have been self-inflicted, besides, his gun was found lying upon the edge of the ditch undischarged. People began to talk and shake their heads. Farm labourers are prone to gossip, and a climax was put to the affair by Ned Tupper innocently remarking that perhaps after all it was as well the old squire had died, for Master Leonard had threatened to do for him. When pressed to explain what he meant by this statement, he repeated the words Leonard had made use of more than once, that he would take such steps that day as would prevent his father insulting or striking him again.



Sam Baxter on being interrogated, reluctantly corroborated the half-witted lad's statement, but declared that they were only due to the natural irritation felt by the young master on being struck, and that he did not for a moment believe that they had the meaning ascribed to them. The members of the inquest, however, took another view of the matter, and a verdict of wilful murder was returned against Leonard Bradeley, who was shortly after arrested upon a warrant issued by one of the neighbouring magistrates. When brought up for examination he simply protested his innocence, and declared that the words he had made use of had reference to his enlisting, and so removing himself from his father's tyranny, and to prove this, he called the Troop-Sergeant-major, with whom he had discussed the subject. As for shooting his father intentionally it was impossible for him to have done so, as from the thickness of the underwood and the branches of the trees, it was impossible to see out of the covert. When Baxter called on him to take care, it was too late, for his finger had already pressed the trigger, but the caution was sufficient to disturb his arm and cause him to miss the hare.

The magistrate, who sympathized deeply with the young man, remanded him for a week in the hopes that some evidence might be brought forward which might obviate the necessity of his sending his case for trial. Great sympathy was manifested for the unfortunate prisoner throughout the county, but the only one who took a decisive step was the Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne. Both that gentleman and his daughter Ella were thoroughly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, and the clergyman dispatched a letter to a gentleman who held a high position in the Home Department, and who had been a chum of his at Oxford. The result was that in the course of a couple of days a slim, quiet little man, with an intelligent cut of features, came to the rectory and had a busy conversation with the Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne. The two visited together the scene of the tragedy, and the detective, for such the rector's visitor was, minutely inspected the ditch and the hedge surrounding the plantation. When he had completed his work he addressed the rector in the following words: "You said, sir, that the medical officer deposed that the victim had been shot in the back with a charge of No. 3 shot. Is not that rather a larger size than is usually used for pheasant shooting?"

"It is," replied Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne, "but what has that to do with clearing Leonard?"

"I'd rather you would leave it to me if you have no objection, sir," returned the detective. "When can I see Samuel Baxter, that was the keeper's name if I remember rightly."

"Yes," replied Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne, "if you want to talk to him privately, as I presume you do, you had better see him at the rectory; I can send for him."

"If you please, sir," returned the man, "and after that I shall leave the place, Orpminster I mean, and, perhaps, if after to-day you see me you won't take any notice of me, though I don't think you will know me," added the detective with a faint chuckle.

The next day, about three in the afternoon, a weary and shirt-sleeved knife-grinder, wheeling his professional barrow before him, appeared in the straggling street of Bradeley village, and after refreshing himself at the local ale house, the Moon and Seven Stars, declared that he was too dog-tired to do a handstern of work that day, and so would give himself a holiday until the morrow. After this declaration he sat himself down in a bench outside the public house, and lighting his pipe, soon collected a crowd of gaping villagers around him, by the wonderful riddles he asked, his fluency in relating the gossip of London town, and the quickness with which he parried and related the jokes of the professed village jester. "I'm going to be a gentleman for the future," remarked he, after one of his most brilliant sallies, "and want a boy to wheel my barrow for me. I don't want too sharp a lad, for he might learn the secrets of the trade too soon, besides so many fair ladies take a fancy to me in my travels, that I don't want anyone too fly, you know, but just a simple chap like myself."

"Then take half-witted Ned Tupper," remarked the village Dagonet, who was indignant at the success of the stranger, "and there'll be two fools in the business."

"Haw, haw, haw, George had ye there, tinker," cried the rustics.

"In the first place, gentlemen, I am not a tinker, but a

professional sharpener of cutlery, and, in the second place, I should not take George's estimate of intellect, for being a fool himself, he naturally takes every one else for one," answered the knife-grinder, "but let me see this same Ned Tupper."

In a few moments the ragged figure of the lad was pushed into the ring of spectators and placed within a couple of feet of the knife-grinder. "And so, boy," said the latter magniloquently, "you want to travel and improve your mind, do you; quite right, but have you quite made up your mind?"

"Yes," answered the lad, drawing back his lips and showing his white dog-like teeth, "old master what killed mother and purvided for me is shot dead, and young master is agoing to be hanged for it, so there ain't no place for I at the Grange, d'ye see."

"Quite so, quite so," returned the professional sharpener of cutlery, as he had grandiosely styled himself, "and I think from your general appearance you would suit me. You ain't such a tremendous fool as our friend George here, but you'll do well enough, and he's a bit too stiff in the joints, and too ugly by a long chalk, to do credit to my establishment. Just turn round and let me have a look at your togs, which seem a bit out of repairs."

Ned Tupper did as he was ordered, and a faint smile of triumph stole over the knife-grinder's features, as he cast one searching glance at the dilapidated costume.

"Ah, well," remarked he, with a sigh, "they are just good enough for decency, and we must not fret too much. Come to me in an hour, boy, and we'll settle matters, and now my worthy friends, good-evening. I'm just going up to my room for a little, to manufacture a fresh stock of jokes, for I have wasted all mine upon George, there." And with this parting shot the knife-grinder returned into the ale-house, leaving the villagers to congratulate Ned Tupper upon his luck in securing so talented a master.

Two days after these events, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne received a thick letter, and on opening it saw that its contents consisted of two or three sheets of paper neatly written. Page number one was headed:

"Report of Mark Alton, detective, in his enquiry into the death of Lawrence Bradeley, Esquire, of Bradeley Grange, Fenshire.

"Having been ordered to go down to Fenshire and enquire into this case, I put myself in communication with the Rev. Pearce Chamberlayne, Rector of Orpminster, and from him derived much valuable information. With the reverend gentleman I visited the scene of the accident or murder, whatever it might turn out to be, and made a thorough investigation of it. In the ditch I found a number of empty cartridge cases, evidently thrown aside as the deceased had reloaded, but in addition, in a bramble, was a dirty piece of corduroy, with a common brass breeches button attached to it. I enquired of Mr. Chamberlayne what dress Mr. Bradeley wore on the day of his death, and was informed that he had on a brown velveteen suit and leathern gaiters. I put by the scrap of corduroy, and on my return to the vicarage had a long talk with Samuel Baxter, the keeper. After a few unimportant questions I asked him what shot the squire used, and he answered:

"The squire would always use No. 3, tho' I used to tell him it was a sin and a shame, for it knocked the birds about so."

"Then," remarked I, carelessly, "I suppose the young man used the same number."

"No, he didn't," returned the keeper, sharply. "He used No. 5, as a decent, respectable man should, and he did so on that day, for he came to the plantation with his cartridge bag empty. You know he had been having a bit of a breeze with the old squire and that had put him out. This didn't matter, however, for I had plenty and gave him a stock of my own, which were all No. 5, for I loaded them myself."

"Thank you, keeper," says I, "I won't trouble you any more," and off he goes. So it seems the old squire was the only one who used No. 3 shot, and the doctor says it was with that number that he was finished off; therefore, someone must have shot him with his own gun. Now, who was that?

"Well, the next day I came down in the knife grinder's lay, and hung about Bradeley, playing the giddy goose with the villagers. Amongst other things I pretended I wanted a boy, not that I did, but I hadn't quite made up my mind

how to work the case, when to my surprise they pushed a lad into the ring, dressed in tattered clothes of the same material and colour as the bit of corduroy I had picked up in the ditch. I persuaded him after a time to turn round to see if his clothes would suit, and there was a bit gone with the brace button. I felt convinced the bit I had in my pocket would fit the place nicely. I told him to come and see me in an hour, which he did, and as it was dark I walked him out of the village where I met a friend of mine who had been waiting about for me a precious long time. I then began to pitch a yarn to the lad, saying that when I first caught sight of him I had read determination in his face and that I wanted a lad full of pluck.

"Are you that?" I asked.

"He scanned up into my face with a look as cunning as that of a fox, but made no reply. Then I handed him a bottle I had with me, but though he took a good sup, yet it didn't seem to unloose his tongue."

"Come," said I, a bit roughly, "there is no use in beating about the bush. I know you did for the old squire, and that's why I came for you, let's know all about it."

"This flabagasted him, and he told me the whole story, how, as soon as he was old enough to understand, he had made up his mind to revenge his mother's death, if he could do so without getting into harm himself. How he knew where the old squire would take his post on the day of the murder, and going ahead hid himself in the ditch on the chance, and when the old man put down his gun and walked after the bird, he crept out, seized the gun, shot him dead, reloaded the gun, and hid himself again in a place which he knew was secure, a big hole in the ditch, out of which a badger had been dug some time before. He says just as he fired, a gun was discharged in the covert, and a lot of shot rattled about him. My friend took down the confession in shorthand, and the lad made no bones of putting his name to it, which I attested. I don't think they will hang him."

"This quite clears the young squire, and if you show it to your solicitor he will know what to do."

MARK ALTON.

The detective was quite right. Ned Tupper was not hung, but ordered to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure, while Leonard Bradeley was ordered to be discharged forthwith. In spite of the sympathy shown him by the county gentry, he never lived in the Grange, which was pulled down and the land sold in small plots. The dead man's penurious habits had resulted in the accumulation of a large sum of money in the bank, and on this and the amount derived from the sale of the property, Leonard and his wife (*nee* Ella Chamberlayne) lived very happily in London.

[THE END.]

## HISTORIC CANADA, VIII.

Old Martello Tower, St. John, N.B.

(For Engraving See Page 70)

While the war of 1812-15 between Great Britain and the United States was waged on the ocean and in the western Canadas with great vigour, and maintained throughout a bitter character, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were comparatively free from its horrors and bloodshed. While a broad sheet of water separated the former province from the enemy, New Brunswick and Maine had no such barrier between them; but the residents of both countries mutually agreed on tacit peace, and military forays from either side were unknown. This state of things, while preserving life and property, left no unpleasant memories to rankle in the hearts of the settlers along the frontier, whose intercourse at all times had been frequent and of a pleasant nature. In the vicinity of St. John, however, various defensive works were erected, among them the object of our engraving. This tower was built in 1813, on the heights on the west side of St. John harbour, and was garrisoned by a detachment of soldiers for many years thereafter. It is about forty feet high and originally mounted three guns. It is an interesting relic of the war, and one of the many points of interest to be seen in the vicinity of the Loyalist city.





**L. J. SEARGEANT.**—Mr. Lewis James Seargeant, who has succeeded Sir Joseph Hickson in the general management of the Grand Trunk Railway, was born at Trawbridge, Wiltshire, England, and from an early age has been connected with railways. His English career was associated with the largest of British railway systems, the Great Western, his earliest experience of railway construction and management having been in connection with the South Wales railway, a Great Western affiliated line, which promoted the development of Milford Haven as an international port, more particularly in connection with American commerce. On the amalgamation of the South Wales with the Great Western Railway Company, Mr. Seargeant was the recipient of a substantial *douceur* from the proprietors in recognition of his services, and the Great Western Board appointed him Superintendent of the South Wales division. Early, further promotion followed. Mr. Seargeant was appointed chief officer of the South Devon, and subsequently of the Cornwall and West Cornwall railways, which together constituted a compact system between Exeter and Penzance. Upon Mr. Seargeant devolved the duties of General Manager, Secretary, and Secretary of the joint committees of the Great Western, Bristol and Exeter, South Devon, and Cornwall companies. He was also the official representative of those interests before Parliamentary committees. The success of Mr. Seargeant's management of these properties was evidenced by largely increased dividends. During this period he was offered the appointment of agent or chief officer of one of the largest Indian railway systems, a position, from the delicate relations of the Imperial and local governments and railway companies, requiring experience of the character of that within Mr. Seargeant's functions. He, however, declined the appointment at the request of the Great Western Board, and was further promoted. Upon the resignation of his several offices in 1874, to come to Canada, Mr. Seargeant received evidences of the highest consideration and friendship, chief among which was an intrinsically valuable presentation from a large number of directors and officers of the companies with which he was connected, and of men serving under him. Mr. Seargeant arrived in Montreal in 1874 to join the staff of the company of which he to-day has the general management, and was appointed to the office of Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Executive Council, Sir Joseph, then Mr. Hickson, being the President. He also became Vice-President of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway Company, and of other affiliated lines, while his position on the parent road was that of Traffic Manager, he being the first gentleman to hold such an office on this continent. Although actively engaged in the onerous duties of these offices, Mr. Seargeant has retained the personal friendship of the officers of the Great Western of England, with which he was so long connected, and especially of its present Chairman. It was no ordinary compliment to Mr. Seargeant to have been consulted by Mr. J. Grierison, the late General Manager of the Great Western of England, in connection with legislation on both sides of the Atlantic affecting railway interests. Mr. Grierison is the author of "Railway Rates, English and Foreign," and the friendly correspondence maintained between him and Mr. Seargeant proved useful to both. Mr. Seargeant's services to the Grand Trunk have been many and important. He conducted, with marked ability, the various arbitrations which secured to that railway a fair share of the through American traffic, and which forms no inconsiderable part of its total business. He was instrumental in forming the present "Central Traffic Association" of the Western American lines, and has represented the Grand Trunk at meetings of the Board of Presidents in New York in the absence of the late General Manager, Sir Joseph Hickson. Mr. Seargeant, it may be added, is a member of the Vice-President's committee of the same organization. In his official intercourse with representatives of other trunk lines he has strongly advocated the division of traffic between the railways interested, instead of an insane competition which can only be hurtful to all concerned, including the public. The interests of the Grand Trunk are safe in the hands of so experienced and capable an officer, and it is gratifying to know that the welfare of Canada will also be promoted

efficiently by that company, for Mr. Seargeant is a strong advocate of the interests of local industries, and has done his best to develop them by meeting all reasonable requirements. During his recent visit to Europe, opportunity was afforded him of studying the English, French and Italian railway systems, and while Mr. Seargeant observed a great advance in the provision of luxurious accommodation for the better class of travellers, it is gratifying to learn that the Grand Trunk compares very favourably with any of these systems. Mr. Seargeant enters upon the discharge of his arduous duties as General Manager of a system comprising more than 4,000 miles, amid the most kindly and cordial congratulations and expressions of loyalty on the part of his associates in the service of the company. He hopes to have the good fortune to find results in this present year which will yield to the proprietors a better return for the immense capital invested in the system, and to arrive at this result rather by improving than by impairing the services rendered to the public. If zeal, application, experience and ability can command this end, we are satisfied it will be reached under Mr. Seargeant's management. It may be added, in closing, that Mr. Seargeant has made a special study of the problems of railway transportation. He has written many exhaustive arguments on the pool question, and a comprehensive treatise on "The English Railway System."

**ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.**—This well known relic of old Quebec stands on the site of one of the original gates of the French regime, built about 1694. It existed for nearly a century, and witnessed the most eventful years in the history of our fortress city. In 1791 the ruinous state into which it had fallen necessitated its removal, and a new one was erected on its site, lasting until 1865, when it also was demolished, and replaced by the structure shown in our engraving. Although of comparatively recent date, it is interesting as a link between the old and the new, being in existence at the same time as the other gates, Hope, Prescott, St. Louis and Palace—all of great age—which were removed in 1871.

**ST. JAMES' CHURCH (ANGELICAN), ST. JOHNS, P.Q.**—Our readers have here a view of one of those rural churches which are conspicuous features in all our river scenery. The series of towns and villages that succeed each other along the course of the Richelieu (called at different periods the Chambly, the Sorel, the St. Louis, the St. John and the Rivière des Iroquois), presents a succession of charming landscapes in which the works of nature vie with those of man in charming the eye. To the historical student there is no more interesting region in older Canada. The length of the river, from Lake Champlain to its confluence with the St. Lawrence at Sorel, is about seventy miles. Its banks, which are generally from six to eight feet high, are diversified on either side by farms and settlements, mostly in a good state of cultivation. Picturesque towns and villages, with handsome churches, are landmarks, both on the route and in the history of the district. The Chambly canal extends from St. Johns to Chambly—about eleven miles and a-half. At St. Johns the river is broad, and from that point there is ship navigation to the towns on Lake Champlain. St. Johns is a thriving place. Though it has long had a name and been a local habitation, it was only in 1858 that it became an incorporated town. It is well supplied with means of communication in every direction and has rare commercial advantages. It has long been noted as a military centre, and at present is the headquarters of the School of Infantry, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Count d'Orsonnens. There are three churches—a capacious Roman Catholic church, a Methodist church and the edifice shown in our engraving, an extremely tasteful structure, to which the graveyard gives an old English look, which, to many, is no slight charm. The scene, we doubt not, is a familiar one to some of our readers.

**MOWAT GATE, QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**—Our engraving shows this most graceful entrance to the beautiful park recently established at Niagara Falls. The reservation of land adjoining this world-renowned spot cannot too highly be commended—it will preserve the beauties of the place from the ravages of the professional advertiser, to whom the chief charms of Nature are but facilities for extolling the merits of the particular nostrum he is advocating.

**WIDENING OF NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.**—Thanks to the short-sightedness of the early settlers, the citizens of Montreal are now being put to enormous ex-

pense in the widening and improvement of several of her principal streets; Notre Dame, St. Lawrence, Bleury, St. Antoine and others being enlarged or about to be so. Our view shows the work in progress, near the Balmoral hotel.

**DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.**—Full particulars of this organization will be found in our issue of 3rd inst., page 14.

**ST. PETER'S HOME FOR INCURABLES, HAMILTON.**—This building is one of the many benevolent institutions to be found in Hamilton and its vicinity.

**SKETCHES AROUND BRANTFORD, ONT.**—Our artist has depicted a number of points of interest in the vicinity of this beautiful city, chiefly referring to the Mohawk church and settlement close by. At an early date we propose giving a complete series of views and sketches of the Mohawk Institute, and will deal fully with the whole subject.

**FIRE ON CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, 12TH JANUARY.**—An unusual number of fires have taken place in Montreal since the new year opened, the most disastrous of which caused the devastation shown in our engraving. The building destroyed was known as the Angus Block, and is close to Victoria Square. The fire broke out about 6.45 p.m., and raged furiously for an hour despite the desperate efforts of the brigade, the whole of which was called out.

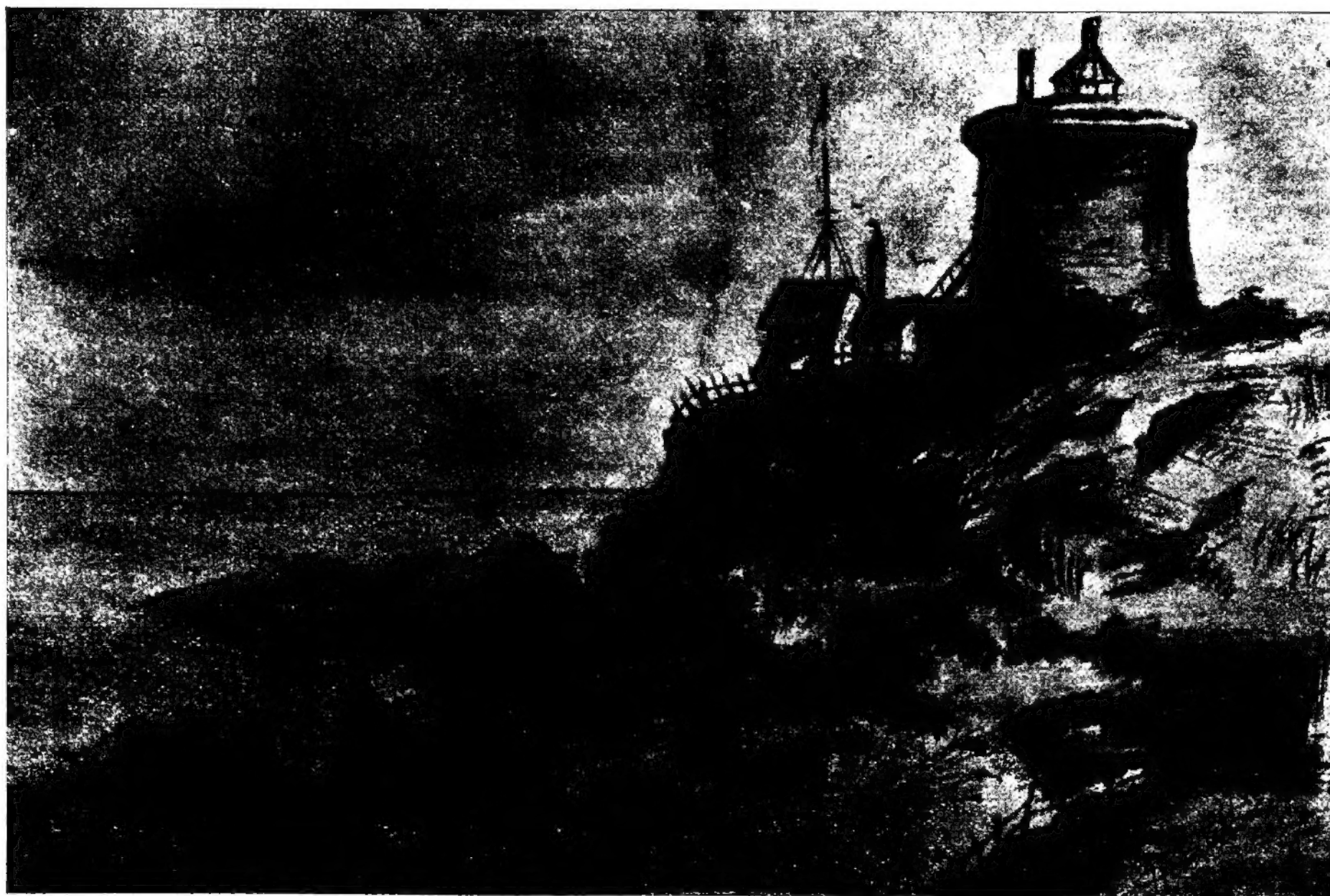
**JAM OF LOGS, GRAND FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER, N.B.**—This scene is one of many of vivid interest to be seen along the course of this the "Rhine of America." At the Grand Falls, where the river has a perpendicular descent of 70 or 80 feet, the views are especially fine, and the many incidents arising from the lumbering operations so plentiful all along this stream add variety to the scenic beauty of the surroundings. Dense forests of pine, hackmatack and other timber occupy a great portion of the area drained by this river, and large quantities of these woods are annually rafted down its waters.

**BRIDGE OVER THE MONTMORENCI RIVER.**—Our engraving shows a picturesque structure connecting both banks of the Montmorenci, that river so widely known for the magnificent cataract at the point of its discharge into the St. Lawrence. The river is extremely rapid during its entire course, so that communication from one bank to the other is only possible by means of bridges. The one of which we give a view is situated some distance up the stream and is in steady use by the residents of the neighbouring districts.

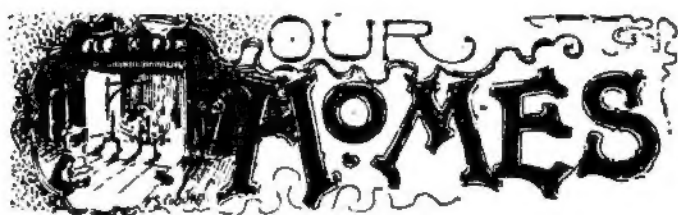
**ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE, BERLIN.**—This is one of the many excellent educational institutions in Ontario conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church.

**JAMAICA EXHIBITION—DISPLAY OF GOODS BY THE MONTREAL COTTON COMPANY, LIMITED.**—A most creditable display of fine dyed goods has been made here by the Montreal Cotton Company of the products which they have since sent to the Jamaica Exhibition. Through the kindness of Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co., the goods were displayed in their windows, and the exhibit having been photographed, is now reproduced in this issue. It is something to be proud of that a young country like this should be able to produce textile fabrics which in design, colour and finish will compare favorably with Glasgow or Manchester goods of the same class; noticeable in the display are selicias, for ladies' and tailors' use, window shades, cambrics, dress cloths, pocketings, Canton flannels, and numberless articles far removed from the raw material. This company employs upwards of 1,000 hands, and the business is conducted on the most systematic principles. The machinery is English. The business was started about fourteen years ago, and since then has been steadily progressing. The concern is under the management of Mr. Louis Simpson. We understand that a large quantity of new machinery is being put up this year for the purpose of perfecting and extending the manufacture of fine goods. For its success this mill seems largely indebted to the enterprise which has prompted it to open up and produce new lines, and thus create a success for itself instead of showing an anxiety to follow where a success had already been made. The agents, Messrs. Stevenson, Blackader & Co., of this city, have shipped a large quantity of goods this last year to the West Indies and Demerara.





OLD MARTELLO TOWER, ST. JOHN, N.B.  
HISTORIC CANADA, VIII.



## Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

### CHAPTER I.

O, Hop-and-Go-One, where have you gone!

"Dear me, wife, I can't make out what the matter is with our geese! such a cackling as they have kept up all day in the barn yard, and you should have seen the queer way they were wagging their heads at each other, just as though they were busily discussing something very important."

"Really, John, I am astonished at you! As though they were a bit different from other folks'; I suppose the next thing you will tell me, is, that they can speak."

"Well, well, wife, I don't say as they can do that; but you know well enough that in all the country round there is no finer flock than mine." And back to the barn-yard went Farmer Brown in high dudgeon with his wife.

"It is no use telling Molly anything about them, she won't see how clever they are; ah, they have settled down! guess they got tired of making so much noise, but I don't see Hop-and-Go-One. Where can he be?"

No sooner had Farmer Brown uttered these words than the geese began to cackle as hard as ever.

"Well, now, tell me they don't understand what one is saying. Look here, what's all this noise about, and what have you done with Hop-and-Go-One?"

Then up starts old Billy Gray, the leader of the flock, and slowly waddling up to Farmer Brown closes one eye, and, gazing knowingly at him, winked. Overcome with amazement Farmer Brown toppled over into the pig-sty, much to the pigs' consternation.

"Bless my heart! Well, I never! Oh, if Molly could only see that wink!"

"John, John, where are you? Why don't you come to dinner?"

"Come to dinner, indeed!" muttered Farmer Brown, as he lay in the pig-sty, while the pigs, with their inquisitive nature, poked their cold snouts into his face, as much as to say, 'what are you doing here?' "I am sure I am too overcome with all these doings to want any dinner."

"Now, I wouldn't wonder if John has gone to the pond with those geese. I declare I am tired of all this fuss; I have a great mind to—yes, I'll do it to-night; but I wonder what the pigs are grunting about," and again ran Molly to see.

"Oh, deary me, John, what ever is the matter? have you got a sunstroke? Alack-a-day, am I to be left a widow with all these pigs and geese on my hands?" Loud cackled the geese, and still louder grunted the pigs, while Molly's shrill voice rose above the clamour, as she endeavoured to rouse Farmer Brown. At last he gently opened his eyes, and in a faint voice said, "Molly, where am I?"

"Where are you?" indignantly answered Molly. "You are in the pig-sty, that's where you are; and I'll have you to know, John Brown, that I will not put up with this work any longer; think of you choosing the pig-sty to go to sleep in, and frightening me half to death with thinking you had a sun-stroke."

"Hush, Molly, a most wonderful thing happened; I assure you that we have the—"

"I don't want to hear anything more about wonderful things, I suppose it is these geese again."

Daylight faded gently into twilight, and then came the moon flooding the whole place with her bright light, and peeping through the half-closed blinds of Farmer Brown's bedroom, shone on his face as he lay in peaceful slumber. The old clock on the stairs struck twelve, as Molly stole quietly down and looked out; not a sound was to be heard, everything slumbered, save the crickets, whose cheery

whirr, whirr sounded in the fields, and from the pond near by where the frogs were holding high carnival.

Molly softly closed the door and made her way to the barn, muttering, as she went, "Yes, I'll wring their necks; every one of them."

"No, you wont," shrieked a chorus of shrill voices.

Round turned Mrs. Farmer Brown in great fright at these words, and what do you think she saw? Why, a number of queer little creatures, tumbling and dancing about in high glee.

"No, you wont," they shrieked again, making all sorts of horrible grimaces at her. Just then some of them opened the barn-door, and out waddled the geese, cackling at a great rate.

"Fall into rank," shouted one of the little sprites, and immediately the flock formed into rank. "To goose, to goose," was the next order, and jumping on the backs of the geese the whole flock rose into the air with their strange riders.

Then away ran Mrs. Farmer Brown, screaming, to the house, "John, John, the geese have gone!"

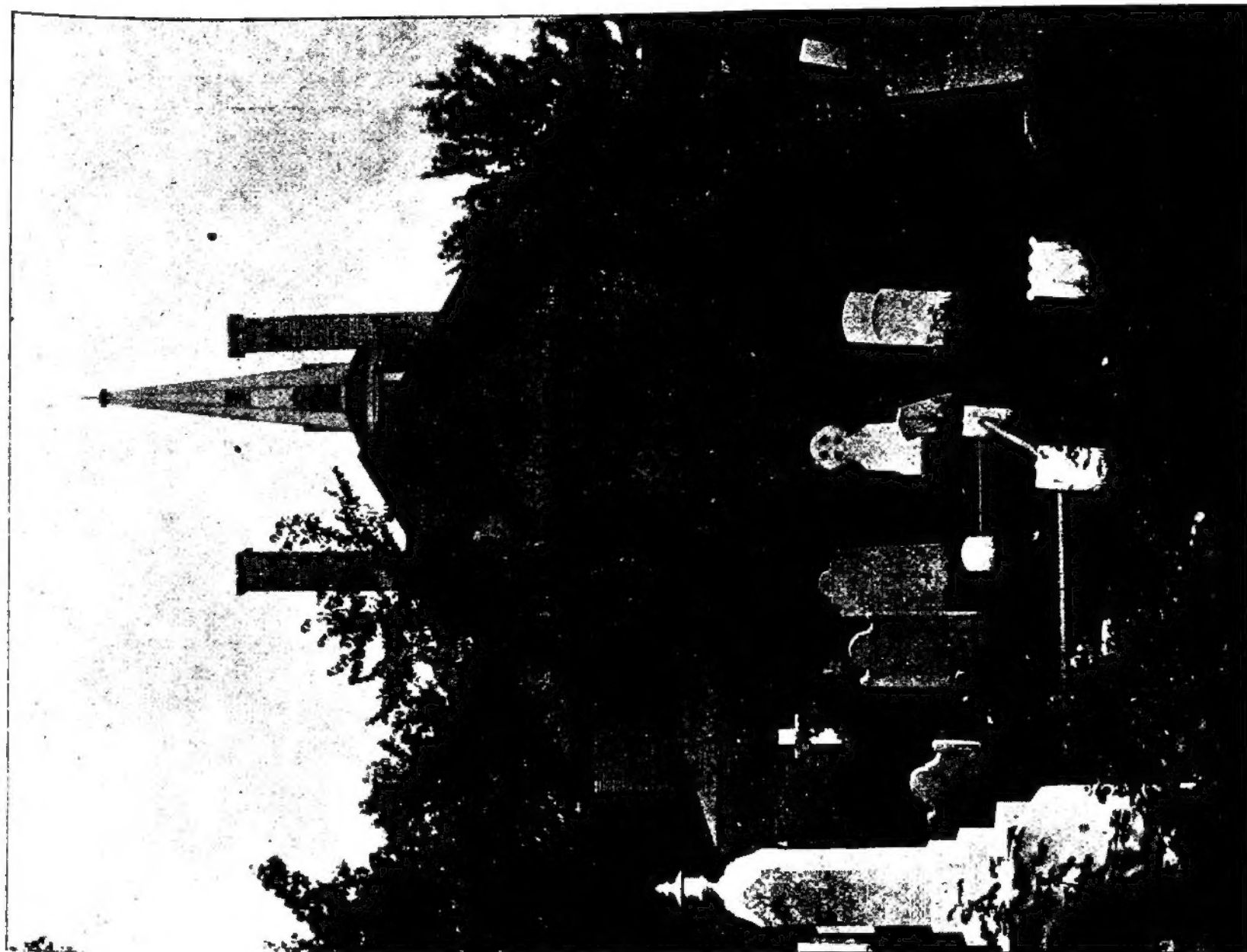
Up jumped Farmer Brown and popped his head out of the window, and the first thing he saw was his beloved geese floating upwards.

"Oh, where are you going?" he shrieked in terror.

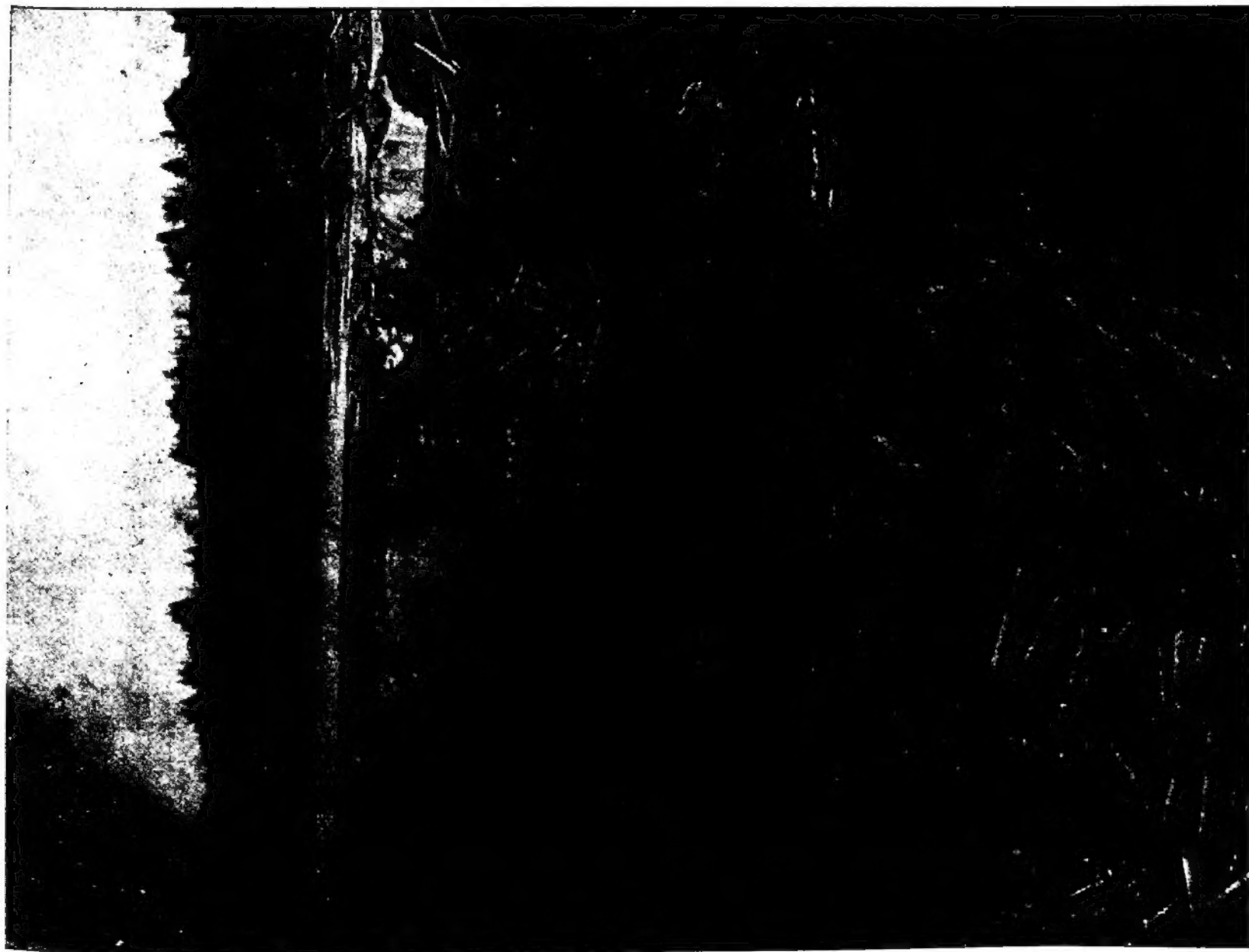
"To the moon, Farmer Brown," answered the little creatures, "and when we get there we'll find Hop-and-Go-One."

Farmer Brown and Molly continued to gaze till they were lost to view. And then, with many tears, his wife told him about the dreadful deed he had intended to do and how it had been frustrated by the little creatures. But he, poor man, was too overcome at the loss of his geese to pay much attention to her, and merely said: "You see now what wonderful geese they are. The only hope I have is that they may come back, for they must have been to the moon before, if Hop-and-Go-One is already there."

(To be Continued.)

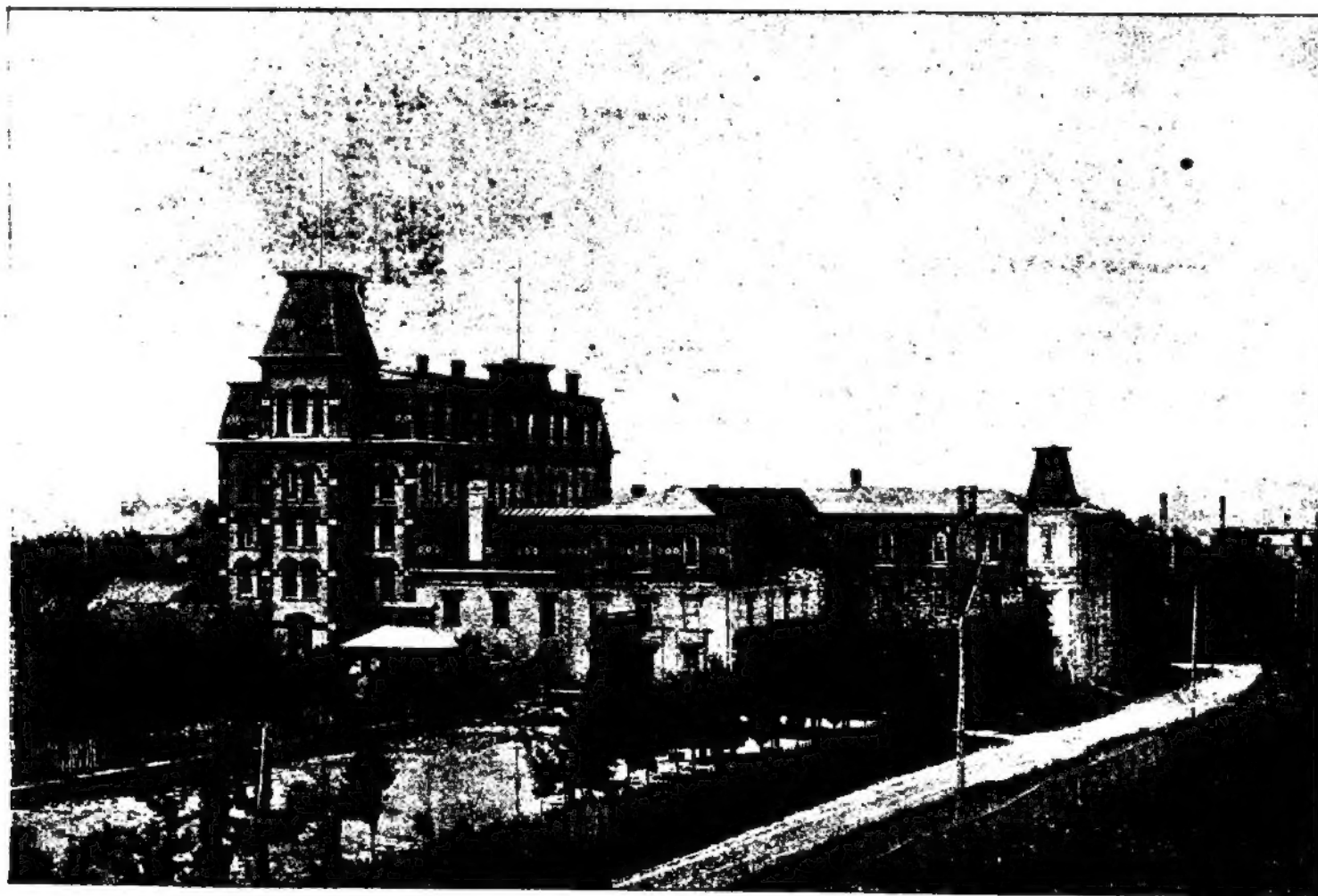


VIEW IN THE CHURCHYARD, ST. JAMES CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S, P.Q.



GREAT LUMBER JAM AT GREAT FALLS, ST. JOHN RIVER, N.B.





THE ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.



DISPLAY OF GOODS FOR JAMAICA EXHIBITION MANUFACTURED BY THE MONTREAL COTTON COMPANY.  
STEVENSON, BLACKADER & Co., AGENTS.